POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ENGLAND

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Cº

REFERENCE LIBRARY OF
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 PARK STREET, BOSTON

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOS
Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 d

Poems of Places.

Edited by H. W. LONGFELLOW. Each volume, 18mo, $1.00; the set, thirty-one volumes, in box, $25.00; half calf, $50.00.

1–4. England and Wales; 5. Ireland; 6–8. Scotland, Denmark, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden; 9, 10. France and Savoy; 11–13. Italy; 14, 15. Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Holland; 16. Switzerland and Austria; 17, 18. Germany; 19. Greece and Turkey (in Europe); 20. Russia, including Asiatic Russia; 21–23. Asia; 24. Africa; 25, 26. New England; 27. Middle States; 28. Southern States; 29. Western States; 30. British America, Mexico, South America; 31. Oceanica.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

ENGLAND

VOL. II.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

Copyright, 1878,
By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
GLASTONBURY.		
GLASTONBURY	*M. Drayton*	1
THE BALLAD OF GLASTONBURY	*H. Alford*	2
GLASTONBURY	"	9
AT THE TOMB OF KING ARTHUR	*A. de Vere*	9
GLASTONBURY ABBEY AND WELLS CATHEDRAL	*W. L. Bowles*	12
KING ARTHUR'S FUNERAL	*T. Warton*	13
GLEN NECTAN.		
THE SISTERS OF GLEN NECTAN	*R. S. Hawker*	14
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.		
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.	*W. Shakespeare*	16
GORDALE.		
GORDALE	*W. Wordsworth*	16
GRASMERE.		
THE WISHING-GATE	"	17
LINES ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES JAMES FOX	"	20
A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE	*F. Hemans*	21
WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE	*J. Payn*	22
GRASMERE	"	22
GREAT BEALINGS.		
MEDITATIONS IN GREAT BEALINGS CHURCHYARD	*B. Barton*	23
GREEN-HEAD GHYLL.		
GREEN-HEAD GHYLL	*W. Wordsworth*	24
GREENWICH.		
GREENWICH HILL	*W. Gifford*	25
GREENWICH HOSPITAL	*W. L. Bowles*	28
GRETA.		
TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK	*W. Wordsworth*	28

GRISEDALE.
Grisedale Beck . . . . . *J. Payn* 29
HADDON HALL.
Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, July, 1836 . *H. Alford* . . . 30
Haddon Hall . . . . . *H. G. Bell* . . . 30
HALES OWEN.
The Schoolmistress . . . . . *W. Shenstone* . . 32
HAMPSTEAD.
Ode to a Nightingale . . . . . *J. Keats* 34
HAMPTON.
Hampton . . . . . *W. Shakespeare* . 37
HARROW-ON-THE-HILL
Lines written in the Churchyard of Harrow *Lord Byron* . . 38
Harrow . . . . . *J. B. Norton* . . 39
HARTLAND.
The Cell . . . . . *R. S. Hawker* . . 40
HART-LEAP WELL.
Hart-Leap Well . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 43
HASTINGS.
Hastings . . . . . *Lord Thurlow* . . 46
Lines on the Camp Hill, near Hastings . *T. Campbell* . . 46
HATHERN.
Inscription for the Ruin of a Village Cross *H. Alford* . . . 48
HATFIELD BROADOAK.
The Old Oak-Tree at Hatfield Broadoak *F. Locker* . . . 49
HAWKSHEAD.
Hawkshead . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 53
HEARTHOLM.
Hearthlm . . . . . *J. Payn* 55
HELVELLYN.
Helvellyn . . . . . *Sir W. Scott* . . 56
To ——, on her first Ascent to the Summit *W. Wordsworth* . 58
The Knight's Tomb . . . . . *S. T. Coleridge* . . 59
HIGHGATE.
In Highgate Cemetery . . . . . *W. Allingham* . . 60
HOLMEDON.
Holmedon . . . . . *W. Shakespeare* . 60

INGLEWOOD FOREST.
INGLEWOOD FOREST . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 62

IRWAN.
A FAREWELL TO THE VALLEY OF IRWAN . . *J. Langhorne* . . 63

ISIS, THE RIVER.
THE ISIS . . . . . *J. B. Norton* . . 64

ISLE OF MAN.
ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 64
BY THE SEA-SHORE . . . . . " . 65
TYNWALD HILL . . . . . " . 66

ITCHIN, THE RIVER.
TO THE RIVER ITCHIN . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 66

KENILWORTH.
THE IVY OF KENILWORTH . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 67

KESWICK.
KESWICK . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 69
KESWICK . . . . . " . . . 70

KIRKSTONE.
THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 71

LACOCK.
LACOCK NUNNERY . . . . . *W. L. Bowles.* . 75

LAKEN.
TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED WATERS OF LAKEN *Lord Thurlow* . . 75

LANCELL'S TOWER.
THE RINGERS OF LANCELL'S TOWER . . . *R. S. Hawker* . . 76

LANGDALE.
DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 77

LANSDOWN.
LANSDOWN HILL . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 81

LECHLADE.
A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCHYARD . . . . *P. B. Shelley* . . 81

LEDBURY.
ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 83

LEEDS.
LEEDS . . . . . *J. Dyer* 83

LEISTON ABBEY.
LEISTON ABBEY . . . . . *B. Barton* . . . 85

LEWESDON HILL.
LEWESDON HILL . . . . . *W. Crowe* . . . 87
LICHFIELD.
EPITAPH FOR MONUMENT, LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL *Sir W. Scott* . . 89
LINCOLNSHIRE.
LINCOLN FENS . . . . . *J. Armstrong* . . 90
HIGH TIDE, ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571 . . . . . *J. Ingelow* . . . 90
LINDEN LEA.
MY ORCHET IN LINDEN LEA . . . . . *W. Barnes* . . . 97
LINDISFARNE.
THE HOLY ISLAND . . . . . *Sir W. Scott* . . 98
THE REAPERS OF LINDISFARNE . . . . . *M. J. Preston* . 100
LINN (LYN), THE RIVER.
WATERS-MEET . . . . . *H. Alford* . . . 103
LINN-CLEEVE . . . . . " . . . 104
LIVERPOOL.
THE MERSEY AND THE IRWELL . . . . . *B. R. Parkes* . . 105
LIVERPOOL . . . . . *R. Leighton* . . 107
THE DINGLE . . . . . *W. Roscoe* . . . 109
LOCKSWELL
LOCKSWELL . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 111
LODDON HALL.
LODDON HALL . . . . . *G. Crabbe* . . . 112
LODDON, THE RIVER.
ON REVISITING THE RIVER LODDON . . . *T Warton* . . . 113
LODORE
THE CATARACT OF LODORE . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 114
LONDON.
LONDON . . . . . *S. Johnson* . . 118
LONDON . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . 119
LONDON . . . . . *R. Leighton* . . 119
LONDON . . . . . *W Wordsworth* . 120
LONDON . . . . . *J Baillie* . . . 125
RETURN TO LONDON . . . . . *R. Herrick* . . . 127
LONDON . . . . . *W Cowper* . . 128
EAST LONDON . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . . 129
WEST LONDON . . . . . " . . . 130
SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S ADVANCEMENT *Anonymous* . . 131
KENSINGTON GARDENS . . . . . *T. Tickell* . . . 136

Lines written in Kensington Gardens	*M. Arnold*	137
Holland House	*T. Tickell*	139
Sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge	*W. Wordsworth*	139
Westminster Abbey	*F. Beaumont*	140
Two Queens in Westminster	*H. Morford*	141
Poets' Corner	*R. Leighton*	143
The Tomb of Addison	*T. Tickell*	146
Campbell's Funeral	*H. Smith*	147
LONDON STREETS.		
Walking the Streets of London	*J. Gay*	150
Bolt Court, Fleet Street	*S. Johnson*	153
Wood Street	*W. Wordsworth*	154
Wimpole Street	*A. Tennyson*	155
Oxford Street	*Anonymous*	156
Piccadilly	"	158
Pall Mall	*F. Locker*	161
St. James's Street	"	163
Rotten Row, Hyde Park	"	165
Regent Street	*J. Cochrane*	167
Temple Bar	*W. Thornbury*	168
The November Fog of London	*H. Luttrel*	171
LONDON TAVERNS.		
Tavern Signs	*British Apollo*, 1707	172
The Tabard Inn	*G. Chaucer*	172
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern	*J. Keats*	173
The Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun	*R. Herrick*	174
The Mermaid	*F. Beaumont*	175
The Red Lion, Drury Lane	*O. Goldsmith*	175
The Cock	*A. Tennyson*	176
LONDON TOWER.		
Clarence's Dream	*W. Shakespeare*	185
The Murder of the Young Princes	"	186
The Song of the Western Men	*R. S. Hawker*	187
Lord Strafford's Meditations in the Tower	*Anonymous*	188
The Burden of London	*H. S. Stokes*	191
LONGLEAT.		
John of Padua	*W. Thornbury*	191
LORTON VALE.		
Yew-Trees	*W. Wordsworth*	194
LOWTHER.		
Lowther	*W. Wordsworth*	195
Stanzas written in Lady Lonsdale's Album	*R. Southey*	196

LYME REGIS.
At Lyme Regis . . . . . *F. T. Palgrave* . 197

LYNN.
The Dream of Eugene Aram . . . . . *T. Hood* . . . 198

MALMESBURY.
Restoration of Malmesbury Abbey. . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 206

MALTBY.
The Maltby Yews . . . . . *E. Elliott* . . . 207

MALVERN.
At Malvern . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 209
Malvern Hills . . . . . *H. Alford* . . . 209

MARGATE.
Misadventures at Margate . . . . . *R. H. Barham* . 210

MARSTON MOOR.
Marston Moor . . . . . *W. C. Bennett* . 217

MATLOCK.
Monody written at Matlock . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 221

MELHUACH.
Mawgan of Melhuach . . . . . *R. S. Hawker* . . 223

MENDIP HILLS.
Mendip Hills over Wells . . . . . *H. Alford* . . . 224

MIDDLETON.
Sonnet written in the Churchyard . . *C. Smith* . . . 224

MONGEWELL.
Mongewell . . . . . *W. B. Atkinson* . 225

MORWENSTOW.
Morwenna Statio . . . . . *R. S. Hawker* . . 227
The Storm . . . . . " . . 229
The Vine . . . . . " . . 230
The Well of St. John . . . . . " . . 231

MUSTON.
The Streamlet . . . . . *George Crabbe* . 232

NASEBY.
Naseby . . . . . *T. B. Macaulay* . 232

NETHER STOWEY.
Nether Stowey . . . . . *S. T. Coleridge* . 236
An Evening in Autumn, near Nether Stowey *H. Alford* . . . 238

NETLEY ABBEY.
NETLEY ABBEY . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 239
NETLEY ABBEY . . . . . *N. T. Moile* . . 239

NETTLESTEAD.
VERSES ON THE GATEWAY AT NETTLESTEAD . *B. Barton* . . . 240

NEWBURY.
FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY. . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 242

NEW FOREST.
FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW FOREST . . *R. Southey* . . . 243
RUFUS'S TREE . . . . . *J. Kenyon* . . . 244
THE RED KING . . . . . *C. Kingsley* . . 244
RHINEFIELD . . . . . *W. Sotheby* . . 247

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.
ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . 248
ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY . . . . . " . . 251
NEWSTEAD ABBEY . . . . . " . . 252
A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . . 256

NORE, THE.
THE BOY AT THE NORE . . . . . *T. Hood* . . . 257

NORHAM CASTLE.
NORHAM CASTLE . . . . . *Sir W. Scott* . . 259

NOTTINGHAM.
CLIFTON GROVE . . . . . *H. K. White* . . 260

ENGLAND.

Glastonbury.

GLASTONBURY.

O THREE times famous isle, where is that place that might
Be with thyself compared for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastonbury stood? exalted to that pride,
Whose monastery seemed all other to deride:
O, who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not fill
With their great fathers' pomp, devotion, and their skill?
Thou more than mortal power (this judgment rightly weighed)
Then present to assist, at that foundation laid;
On whom for this sad waste should justice lay the crime?
Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time?
Or was there error such, that thou couldst not protect
Those buildings which thy hand did with their zeal erect?
To whom didst thou commit that monument to keep,
That suffered with the dead their memory to sleep,

When not great Arthur's tomb nor holy Joseph's
grave
From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save?
He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought.
What! did so many kings do honor to that place,
For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
For reverence to that seat which had ascribéd been,
Trees yet in winter bloom, and bear their summer's
green.

Michael Drayton.

THE BALLAD OF GLASTONBURY.

GLASTONBURY, anciently called Avalon, is a place much celebrated both in tradition and history. It was here, according to old legends, when the neighboring moors were covered by the sea, that St. Joseph of Arimathea landed, and built the first church in England. It was here that the glorious king Arthur was buried, with the inscription:

Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rexque futurus.

THE hills have on their royal robes
Of purple and of gold,
And over their tops the autumn clouds
In heaps are onward rolled;
Below them spreads the fairest plain
That British eye may see, —
From Quantock to the Mendip range,
A broad expanse and free.

As from those barriers, gray and vast,
Rolled off the morning mist,
Leaving the eyesight unrestrained
To wander where it list,

So roll, thou ancient chronicler,
The ages' mist away;
Give me an hour of vision clear,
A dream of the former day.

At once the flood of the Severn sea
Flowed over half the plain,
And a hundred capes, with huts and trees,
Above the flood remain:
'T is water here and water there,
And the lordly Parret's way
Hath never a trace on its pathless face,
As in the former day.

Of shining sails that thronged that stream
There resteth never a one,
But a little ship to that inland sea
Comes bounding in alone;
With stretch of sail and tug of oar
It comes full merrily,
And the sailors chant, as they pass the shore,
Tibi gloria, Domine.

* * * * *

By this the vessel had floated nigh
To the turf upon the strand,
And first that holy man of joy
Stepped on the Promise-land;
Until the rest, in order blest,
Were ranged, and, kneeling there,
Gave blessing to the God of heaven
In a lowly chanted prayer.

Then over the brow of the seaward hill
In their order blest they pass,
At every change in the psalmody
Kissing the holy grass,
Till they come where they may see full near
That pointed mountain rise,
Darkening with its ancient cone
The light of the eastern skies.

"This staff hath borne me long and well,"
Then spake that saint divine,
"Over mountain and over plain,
On quest of the Promise-sign;
For aye let it stand in this western land,
And God do no more to me
If there ring not out from this realm about,
Tibi gloria, Domine."

A cloud is on them, — the vision is changed,
And voices of melody,
And a ring of harps, like twinkles bright,
Comes over the inland sea;
Long and loud is the chant of praise, —
The hallowed ages glide;
And once again the mist from the plain
Rolls up the Mendip side.

With mourning stole and solemn step,
Up that same seaward hill,
There moved of ladies and of knights
A company sad and still;

There went before an open bier,
And, sleeping in a charm,
With face to heaven and folded palms
There lay an arméd form.

It is the winter deep, and all
The glittering fields that morn
In Avalon's isle were over-snowed
The day the Lord was born;
And as they cross the northward brow,
See white, but not with snow,
The mystic thorn beside their path
Its holy blossoms show.

They carry him where from chapel low
Rings clear the angel-bell, —
He was the flower of knights and lords,
So chant the requiem well:
His wound was deep, and his holy sleep
Shall last him many a day,
Till the cry of crime in the latter time
Shall melt the charm away.

A cloud is on them, — the vision fades,
And cries of woe and fear,
And sounds unblest of neighboring war,
Are thronging on mine ear:
Long and loud was the battle-cry,
And the groans of them that died;
And once again the mist from the plain
Rolls up the Mendip side.

From the postern-door of an abbaye pile,
Passes with heavy cheer
A soldier-king in humble mien,
For the shouting foes are near:
The holy men by their altars bide,
In alb and stole they stand;
The incense-fumes the temple fill
From blesséd children's hand.

Slow past the king that seaward brow,
Whence turning he might see,
Streaming upon Saint Michael's Tor,
The pagan blazonry;
Then a pealing shout and a silence long,
And rolling next on high
Dark vapor, laced with threads of flame,
Angered the twilight sky.

The cloud comes on, — the vision is changed,
And songs of victory,
And hymns of praise to the Lord of Peace,
Come over the inland sea;
The waters clear, the fields appear,
The plain is green and wide;
And once again the mist from the plain
Rolls up the Mendip side.

The plats were green with lavish growth,
And, like a silver cord,
Down to the northern bay the Brue
Its glittering water poured.

Far and near the pilgrims throng,
With staff and humble mien,
Where Glastonbury's crown of towers
Against the sky is seen.

By the holy thorn and the holy well,
And Saint Joseph's silver shrine,
They offer thanks to highest Heaven
For the light and grace divine;
In the open cheer of the abbaye near
They dwell their purposed day,
And then they part, with blessed thoughts,
Each on his homeward way.

* * * * *

The winds are high in Saint Michael's Tor,
And a sorry sight is there, —
A dark-browed band, with spear in hand,
Mount up the turret-stair;
With heavy cheer and lifted palms
There kneels a holy priest;
The fiends of death they grudge his breath
To hold their rapine-feast.

The cloud comes on them, the vision is changed,
And a crash of lofty walls,
And the short dead sound of music quenched,
On the sickened hearing falls;
Quick and sharp is the ruin-cry,
Unblest the ages glide;
And once again the mist from the plain
Rolls up the Mendip side.

Low sloping over sea and field
The setting ray had past,
On roofs and curls of quiet smoke
The glory-flush was cast.
Clustered upon the western side
Of Avalon's green hill,
Her ancient homes and fretted towers
Were lying, bright and still;

And lower, in the valley-field,
Hid from the parting day,
A brotherhood of columns old,
A ruin rough and gray;
And over all, Saint Michael's Tor
Spired up into the sky, —
Most like to Tabor's holy mount
Of vision blest and high.

The vision changeth not, — no cloud
Comes down the Mendip side;
The moors spread out beneath my feet
Their free expanse and wide;
On glittering cots and ancient towers
That rise among the dells,
On mountain and on bending stream,
The light of evening dwells.

I may not write, — I cannot say
What change shall next betide;
Whether that group of columns gray
Untroubled shall abide,

Or whether that pile in Avalon's isle
Some pious hand shall raise,
And the vaulted arches ring once more
With pealing chants of praise.

* * * * *

Henry Alford.

GLASTONBURY.

ON thy green marge, thou vale of Avalon,
Not for that thou art crowned with ancient towers
And shafts and clustered pillars many an one,
Love I to dream away the sunny hours;
Not for that here in charméd slumber lie
The holy relics of that British king
Who was the flower of knightly chivalry,
Do I stand blest past power of uttering; —
But for that on thy cowslip-sprinkled sod
Alit of old the olive-bearing bird,
Meek messenger of purchased peace with God;
And the first hymns that Britain ever heard
Arose, the low preluding melodies
To the sweetest anthem that hath reached the skies.

Henry Alford.

AT THE TOMB OF KING ARTHUR.

THROUGH Glastonbury's cloister dim
The midnight winds were sighing;
Chanting a low funereal hymn

For those in silence lying,
Death's gentle flock mid shadows grim
Fast bound, and unreplying.

Hard by the monks their mass were saying;
The organ evermore
Its wave in alternation swaying
On that smooth swell upbore
The voice of their melodious praying
Toward heaven's eternal shore.

Erelong a princely multitude
Moved on through arches gray
Which yet, though shattered, stand where stood
(God grant they stand for aye!)
Saint Joseph's church of woven wood
On England's baptism day.

The grave they found; their swift strokes fell,
Piercing dull earth and stone.
They reached erelong an oaken cell,
And cross of oak, whereon
Was graved, "Here sleeps King Arthur well,
In the isle of Avalon."

The mail on every knightly breast,
The steel at each man's side,
Sent forth a sudden gleam; each crest
Bowed low its pluméd pride;
Down o'er the coffin stooped a priest, —
But first the monarch cried:

"Great King! in youth I made a vow
Earth's mightiest son to greet;
His hand to worship; on his brow
To gaze; his grace entreat.
Therefore, though dead, till noontide thou
Shalt fill my royal seat!"

Away the massive lid they rolled, —
Alas! what found they there?
No kingly brow, no shapely mould;
But dust where such things were.
Ashes o'er ashes, fold on fold, —
And one bright wreath of hair.

Genevra's hair! like gold it lay;
For Time, though stern, is just,
And humbler things feel last his sway,
And Death reveres his trust. —
They touched that wreath; it sank away
From sunshine into dust!

Then Henry lifted from his head
The Conqueror's iron crown;
That crown upon that dust he laid,
And knelt in reverence down,
And raised both hands to heaven, and said,
"Thou God art King alone!"

* * * *

Aubrey de Vere.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY AND WELLS CATHEDRAL.

GLORY and boast of Avalon's fair vale,
How beautiful thy ancient turrets rose!
Fancy yet sees them, in the sunshine pale,
Gleaming, or, more majestic in repose,
When, west-away the crimson landscape glows,
Casting their shadows on the waters wide.
How sweet the sounds, that, at still daylight's close,
Came blended with the airs of eventide,
When through the glimmering aisle faint "Misereres" died.

But all is silent now! silent the bell,
That, heard from yonder ivied turret high,
Warned the cowled brother from his midnight cell;
Silent the vesper-chant, the litany
Responsive to the organ! — scattered lie
The wrecks of the proud pile, mid arches gray,
Whilst hollow winds through mantling ivy sigh!
And even the mouldering shrine is rent away,
Where in his warrior weeds the British Arthur lay.

Now look upon the sister fane of Wells!
It lifts its forehead in the summer air;
Sweet o'er the champaign sound its sabbath bells;
Its roof rolls back the chant, or voice of prayer.
Anxious we ask, Will Heaven that temple spare,
Or mortal tempest sweep it from its state?
O, say, shall time revere the fabric fair,

Or shall it meet, in distant years, thy fate,
Shattered, proud pile, like thee, and left as desolate?

No! to subdue or elevate the soul,
Our best, our purest feelings to refine,
Still shall the solemn diapasons roll
Through that high fane! still hues reflected shine
From the tall windows on the sculptured shrine,
Tingeing the pavement! for He shall afford,
He who directs the storm, his aid divine,
Because its Sion has not left thy word,
Nor sought for other guide than thee, Almighty Lord!

William Lisle Bowles.

KING ARTHUR'S FUNERAL.

WHEN Arthur bowed his haughty crest,
No princess, veiled in azure vest,
Snatched him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell,
Where, crowned with wreaths of mistletoe,
Slaughtered kings in glory go:
But when he fell, with wingéd speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avalon:
There, with chanted orison,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoléd fathers met the bier:
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,

And deep intombed in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
And long o'er the neglected stone
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown.

Thomas Warton.

Glen Nectan.

THE SISTERS OF GLEN NECTAN.

In a rocky gorge, midway between the castles of Bottreau and Dundagel, there is a fall of waters into a hollow caldron of native stone, which has borne for ten centuries the name of St. Nectan's Kieve.

IT is from Nectan's mossy steep
The foamy waters flash and leap;
It is where shrinking wild-flowers grow
They lave the nymph that dwells below.

But wherefore in this far-off dell
The reliques of a human cell,
Where the sad stream and lonely wind
Bring man no tidings of his kind?

"Long years agone," the old man said,—
'T was told him by his grandsire dead,—
"One day two ancient sisters came;
None there could tell their race or name.

"Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,
Their garb had signs of loftier days;
Slight food they took from hands of men,
They withered slowly in that glen.

"One died, — the other's sunken eye
Gushed till the fount of tears was dry;
A wild and withering thought had she,
'I shall have none to weep for me.'

"They found her silent at the last,
Bent in the shape wherein she passed,
Where her lone seat long used to stand,
Her head upon her shrivelled hand."

Did fancy give this legend birth, —
The grandame's tale for winter hearth?
Or some dead bard, by Nectan's stream,
People these banks with such a dream?

We know not; but it suits the scene
To think such wild things here have been:
What spot more meet could grief or sin
Choose, at the last, to wither in?

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Gloucestershire.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloustershire.
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome,
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel.

William Shakespeare.

Gordale.

GORDALE.

At early dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy eve
Is busiest to confer and to bereave;
Then, pensive votary! let thy feet repair
To Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch; for so, by leave
Of the propitious hour, thou mayst perceive
The local deity, with oozy hair

And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn
Recumbent: him thou mayst behold, who hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
Or, if need be, impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt-sea tides!

William Wordsworth.

Grasmere.

THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favorable issue.

HOPE rules a land forever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught? — the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes, — there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should ye depart,
Ye superstitions of the heart,
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,

One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love, —
Peace to embosom and content, —
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his beloved, who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim?
The local genius ne'er befriends

Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favored scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loath such help to seek,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply;
Time pressing on with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread Eternity.

William Wordsworth.

LINES

WRITTEN AT GRASMERE, ON TIDINGS OF THE APPROACHING DEATH OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

LOUD is the Vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!

Loud is the Vale! this inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load!
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad, —
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this, —

That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?
Such ebb and flow must ever be;
Then wherefore should we mourn?

William Wordsworth.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O VALE and lake, within your mountain urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest, and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
O, ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar
The perfect music of thy charm serene!
Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love and tears and prayer.

Felicia Hemans.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

THE Rothay's stream is running near,
Its voice is very glad and clear,
The voice that was to him so dear;
But the poet doth not hear.

All around his dwelling rise,
With their gray heads in the skies,
The noble hills that made him wise;
But he doth not ope his eyes.

From the little church the hum
Of his old friends' prayers doth come,
As is most fit, unto his tomb;
But the godlike lips are dumb.

What and if he deaf doth lie?
What and if he ope not eye?
If death that tuneful tongue doth tie?
With God and us such ne'er can die.

James Payn.

GRASMERE.

SHUT out from all that wars against the soul,
The shocks that jar the music of the heart,
The pleasures lasting only in the smart
Of that regret which feigns a perfect whole
Where naught was full; the frequent rubs that wear
Our loves away, and strip us for the fight
With the rough world; alone, in calm delight

Of peace, content, and joy, art thou, Grasmere!
O lake most fair set round with mountain-guards,
Sweet birds, swift streams, eternal waterfall,
Crag-lichen, and wild vale-flower, all, yea, all
Shall eye and ear in love oft turn towards:
I thank thee for much lore that doth not dwell
With books nor men: farewell, bright spot, farewell!

James Payn.

Great Bealings.

MEDITATIONS

IN GREAT BEALINGS CHURCHYARD.

BEAR witness, many a loved and lovely scene
Which I no more may visit, are ye not
Thus still my own? Thy groves of shady green,
Sweet Gosfield! or thou, wild, romantic spot!
Where by gray craggy cliff, and lonely grot,
The shallow Dove rolls o'er his rocky bed:
You still remain as fresh and unforgot
As if but yesterday mine eyes had fed
Upon your charms; and yet months, years, since then have sped

Their silent course. And thus it ought to be,
Should I sojourn far hence in distant years,
Thou lovely dwelling of the dead! with thee:
For there is much about thee that endears

Thy peaceful landscape; much the heart reveres,
Much that it loves, and all it could desire
In meditation's haunt, when hopes and fears
Have been too busy, and we would retire
Even from ourselves awhile, yet of ourselves inquire.

Then art thou such a spot as man might choose
For still communion: all around is sweet
And calm and soothing; when the light breeze wooes
The lofty limes that shadow thy retreat,
Whose interlacing branches, as they meet,
O'ertop and almost hide the edifice
They beautify; no sound, except the bleat
Of innocent lambs, or notes which speak the bliss
Of happy birds unseen. What could a hermit miss?

* * * * *

Bernard Barton.

Green-head Ghyll.

GREEN-HEAD GHYLL.

IF from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.
But courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,

And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is, in truth, an utter solitude.

William Wordsworth.

Greenwich.

GREENWICH HILL.

THOUGH clouds obscured the morning hour,
And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
As, doubtful, to the skiff we passed,

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
Gave promise of a brighter day;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
The blasts in zephyrs died away.

So have we, love, a day enjoyed,
On which we both — and yet who knows? —
May dwell with pleasure unalloyed,
And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

How pleasant from that dome-crowned hill
To view the varied scene below,

Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
The circling Thames' majestic flow!

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the checkered light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail!

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaimed the noontide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, nothing loath,
We to our simple meal retired;

The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
The careless mind's spontaneous flow,
Gave to that simple meal a zest
Which richer tables may not know.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toyed and wantoned for a while,
And, sinking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile,

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part
(As close to mine thy cheek was laid),
Thine eyes had opened all thy heart.

Then, then I marked the chastened joy
That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid (my sweet employ),
From truth, from innocence of soul;

While every word dropt on my ear
So soft (and yet it seemed to thrill),
So sweet that 't was a heaven to hear,
And e'en thy pause had music still.

And O, how like a fairy dream
To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
Slept on the glassy surface wide!

And many a thought of fancy bred,
Wild, soothing, tender, undefined,
Played lightly round the heart, and shed
Delicious languor o'er the mind.

So hours like moments winged their flight,
Till now the boatmen on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
Recalled us by the dashing oar.

Well, Anna, many days like this
I cannot, must not hope to share;
For I have found an hour of bliss
Still followed by an age of care.

Yet oft when memory intervenes —
But you, dear maid, be happy still,
Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
The day we passed on Greenwich Hill.

William Gifford.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

COME to these peaceful seats, and think no more
Of cold, of midnight watchings, or the roar
Of Ocean tossing on his restless bed!
Come to these peaceful seats, ye who have bled
For honor, who have traversed the great flood,
Or on the battle's front with stern eye stood,
When rolled its thunder, and the billows red
Oft closed, with sudden flashings, o'er the dead.
O, heavy are the sorrows that beset
Old age! and hard it is, — hard to forget
The sunshine of our youth, our manhood's pride!
But here, O aged men! ye may abide
Secure, and see the last light on the wave
Of Time, which wafts you silent to your grave;
Like the calm evening ray, that smiles serene
Upon the tranquil Thames, and cheers the sinking scene.

William Lisle Bowles.

Greta, the River.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge stones
Rumble along thy bed, block after block;
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans:
But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named

The mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
And the habitual murmur that atones
For thy worst rage forgotten. Oft as Spring
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peals of birthday harmony;
To a grieved heart the notes are benisons.

William Wordsworth.

Grisedale.

GRISEDALE BECK.

MY gentle stream, with constant smile and bright,
I miss thy loving looks and winding ways,
Thy murmurous accents glad of yesternight,
Sweet as from earnest lips the words of praise;
Where art thou, friend? I hear the impetuous noise
Of hurried passion, the unmeaning roar
Of some wild torrent: it is not thy voice!
Nor doth thy wave respect its wonted shore,
But arrowy-straight in frantic fury springs.
I grieve that I e'er knew thee: happy heart
And noble, that with either moods hath part:
Mine hath not; but with timid love it clings
Conscious of weakness: and it doth so lean
To some boy-friends grown hard and headstrong men.

James Payn.

Haddon Hall.

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE, JULY, 1836.

NOT fond displays of cost, nor pampered train
Of idle menials, me so much delight,
Nor mirrored halls, nor roofs with gilding bright,
Nor all the foolery of the rich and vain,
As these time-honored walls, crowning the plain
With their gray battlements; within bedight
With ancient trophies of baronial might,
And figures dim, inwoven in the grain
Of dusky tapestry. I love to muse
In present peace, on days of pomp and strife;
The daily struggles of our human life,
Seen through Time's veil, their selfish coloring lose,
As here the glaring beams of outer day
Through ivy-shadowed oriels softened play.

Henry Alford.

HADDON HALL.

RUTLAND, Vernon, whatsoe'er
The boasted rank, the lordly name,
All have melted into air,
Ceased like an extinguished flame.

Solemn in the summer noon,
Memory-ridden, hope-bereft,

Ghost-like 'neath the midnight moon
By some trailing shadow cleft;

Vacant chamber of the dead,
Through whose gloom fierce passions swept;
Mouldering couch whereon, 't is said,
The majesty of England slept;

Hall of wassail, which has rung
To the unquestioned baron's jest;
Dim old chapel, where were hung
Offerings of the o'erfraught breast;

Moss-clad terrace, strangely still,
Broken shaft, and crumbling frieze,
Still as lips that used to fill
With bugle-blasts the morning breeze!

Careless river, gliding under,
Ever gliding, lapsing on,
With no sense of awe or wonder
At the ages which have gone;

Thou in thy unconscious flow
Know'st not sorrows which destroy,
Yet this truth thou dost not know, —
Sorrows give a zest to joy.

Every record of the past
Makes the present more intense,
Love's old temple overcast
Wakes to love the living sense.

In the long-deserted hall,
In dead beauty's withered bower,
Closer clings the heart to all
That makes glad the fleeting hour;—

Closer cling we unto those
Who must leave us or be left;
Brighter in the sunset glows
Life's mysterious warp and weft.

Henry Glassford Bell.

Hales Owen.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame,
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,

And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low,
And as they looked they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green
On which the tribe their gambols do display.
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron, dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield

Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled,
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

William Shenstone.

Hampstead.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness, —
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain, —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy-lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?

John Keats.

Hampton.

HAMPTON.

THUS with imagined wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing!
For so appears this fleet majestical
Holding due course to Harfleur.

William Shakespeare.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW.

SPOT of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scattered far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
O, as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But ah! without the thoughts which then were mine:
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell!"

When fate shall chill, at length, this fevered breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest,
Oft have I thought, 't would soothe my dying hour,
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,
To know some humble grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell.
With this fond dream, methinks, 't were sweet to die —

And here it lingered, here my heart might lie;
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose;
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;
Forever stretched beneath this mantling shade,
Pressed by the turf where once my childhood played,
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved:
Blest by the tongues that charmed my youthful ear,
Mourned by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremembered by the world beside.

Lord Byron.

HARROW.

IF some good fairy granted me to play
A chosen portion of my life again,
I would not ask an Oxford hour. The vain
Attempt to ape the follies of the day,
How soon it palls; while ever fresh and gay
Riseth the vision of the school-boy train
Who shouted, thoughtless, on dear Harrow's plain,
And clomb the hill when eve was growing gray.
O for the careless days, the dreamless nights;
The broken bounds, the plunge into the pool;
The elastic feet that ne'er the leap refuse;
The summer games, the winter's mimicked fights:
O for the guileless friendships formed at school,
The first shy whispers of the natural muse!

John Bruce Norton.

Hartland.

THE CELL.

HOW wildly sweet, by Hartland Tower,
The thrilling voice of prayer;
A seraph, from his cloudy bower,
Might lean to listen there.

For time and place and storied days
To that gray fane have given
Hues that might win an angel's gaze,
Mid scenery of heaven.

Above, the ocean breezes sweep
With footsteps firm and free;
Around, the mountains guard the deep;
Beneath, the wide, wide sea.

Enter! the arching roofs expand,
Like vessels on the shore,
Inverted, when the fisher-band
Might tread their planks no more.

But reared on high in that stern form,
Lest faithless hearts forget
The men that braved the ancient storm
And hauled the early net.

The tracery of a quaint old time
Still weaves the chancel screen;
And tombs, with many a broken rhyme,
Suit well this simple scene.

A Saxon font, with baptism bright,
The womb of mystic birth;
An altar where, in angels' sight,
Their Lord descends to earth.

Here glides the spirit of the psalm,
Here breathes the soul of prayer;
The awful church, so hushed, so calm, —
Ah! surely God is there.

And lives no legend on the wall?
No theme of former men?
A shape to rise at fancy's call,
And sink in graves again?

Yes! there, through yonder portal stone,
With whispered words they tell,
How once the monk with name unknown
Prepared that silent cell.

He came with griefs that shunned the light,
With vows long breathed in vain:
Those arches heard, at dead of night,
The lash, the shriek, the pain,

The prayer that rose and fell in tears,
The sob, the bursting sigh:
Till woke with agony of years
The exceeding bitter cry.

This lasted long, — as life will wear,
E'en though in anguish nursed, —

Few think what human hearts can bear,
Before their sinews burst.

It lasted long, but not for aye;
The hour of freedom came:
In that dim niche the stranger lay,
A cold and silent frame.

What sorrows shook the strong man's soul,
What guilt was rankling there,
We know not, — time may not unroll
The page of his despair.

He sleeps in yonder nameless ground,
A cross hath marked the stone:
Pray ye, his soul in death hath found
The peace to life unknown.

And if ye mourn that man of tears,
Take heed lest ye too fall;
A day may mar the rest, that years
Shall seek but not recall.

Nor think that deserts soothe despair,
Or shame in cells is screened;
For Thought, the demon, will be there,
And Memory, the fiend.

Then waft, ye winds, this tale of fear,
Breathe it in hall and bower,
Till reckless hearts grow hushed to hear
The Monk of Hartland Tower.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Hart-Leap Well.

HART-LEAP WELL.

HART-LEAP WELL is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg.

THE knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor,
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!" That shout the vassal heard,
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray.
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all:
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain;

Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail, and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain-side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog nor man nor boy:
He neither cracked his whip nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned,
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying stretched;
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill (it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent), Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes;
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbor, made for rural joy;
'T will be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell!
And they who do make mention of the same
From this day forth shall call it Hart-Leap Well.

William Wordsworth.

Hastings.

HASTINGS.

O MOON, that shinest on this heathy wild
And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
How hold with fond imagination play!
By thy broad taper I call up the time
When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
Though great in glory, overstained with crime,
And fallen by his fate from kingly sway!
On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
Torn banners, and the dying steeds you shone,
When this fair England and her peerless charms,
And all but honor, to the foe were gone!
Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,
But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes.

Lord Thurlow.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS.

IN the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I climbed to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamped him of old,

With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnished with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide;
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
As the sun's setting splendor was thrown,
Thence they looked o'er a realm, —
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

Thomas Campbell.

Hathern.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE RUIN OF A VILLAGE CROSS, HATHERN, LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE simple folk once used to throng
These mouldering steps beneath,
And every child that passed along
Its soft petitions breathe,
In pious days of yore.

The workingmen at dawn of day
Were here assembled kneeling,
And to their labor bore away
A calm of holy feeling,
In Christian days of yore.

Till once a stalwart company
Of men with gloomy faces,
Unlike the men ye used to see
In such-like holy places
In quiet days of yore,

With savage hands pulled down the sign
Of our Redeemer's sorrow,
And promised in more force to join,
And break the rest to-morrow, —
Hating the days of yore.

But Providence from then till now
This remnant hath befriended,
And by this shaft and time-worn steps
The memory hath defended
Of the good days of yore.

And still, whene'er the good and great
On common times pass nigh me,
Though no petition they repeat,
Nor kneel in silence by me,
As in the days of yore;

Yet blessed thoughts upon their hearts
From Heaven come gently stealing,
And each from this gray ruin parts
With calmer, holier feeling,
Blessing the days of yore.

Henry Alford.

Hatfield Broadoak.

THE OLD OAK-TREE AT HATFIELD BROADOAK.

A MIGHTY growth! The countyside
Lamented when the giant died,
For England loves her trees:
What misty legends round him cling!
How lavishly he once did fling
His acorns to the breeze!

To strike a thousand roots in fame,
To give the district half its name,
The fiat could not hinder;
Last spring he put forth one green bough, —
The red leaves hang there still, — but now
His very props are tinder.

Elate, the thunderbolt he braved;
Long centuries his branches waved
A welcome to the blast:
An oak of broadest girth he grew,
And woodman never dared to do
What time has done at last.

The monarch wore a leafy crown,
And wolves, ere wolves were hunted down,
Found shelter at his foot;
Unnumbered squirrels gambolled free,
Glad music filled the gallant tree
From stem to topmost shoot.

And it were hard to fix the tale
Of when he first peered forth a frail
Petitioner for dew;
He took no ill from Saxon spade,
The rabbit spared the tender blade,
And valiantly he grew,

And showed some inches from the ground
When Saint Augustine came and found
Us very proper Vandals;

When nymphs owned bluer eyes than hose,
When England measured men by blows,
And measured time by candles.

Worn pilgrims blessed his grateful shade
Ere Richard led the first crusade,
And maidens led the dance
Where, boy and man, in summer time,
Sweet Chaucer pondered o'er his rhyme;
And Robin Hood, perchance,

Stole hither to maid Marian
(And if they did not come, one can
At any rate suppose it);
They met beneath the mistletoe, —
We did the same, and ought to know
The reason why they chose it.

And this was called the traitors' branch, —
Stern Warwick hung six yeomen stanch
Along its mighty fork;
Uncivil wars for them! The fair
Red rose and white still bloom, — but where
Are Lancaster and York?

A churchman once was England's hope,
He saw that bold man beard the Pope;
In persecution's reign
He mourned our martyrs at the stake,
And sent his kin to sea with Drake,
When Tudor humbled Spain.

A time-worn tree, he could not bring
His heart to screen the merry king,
  Or countenance his scandals;
Then men were measured by their wit,
And then the mimic statesmen lit
  At either end their candles.

When Blake was busy with the Dutch
They gave his poor old arms a crutch;
  And thrice four maids and men ate
A meal within his rugged bark,
When Coventry bewitched the park,
  And Chatham swayed the senate.

His few remaining boughs were green,
And dappled sunbeams danced between,
  Upon the dappled deer,
When, clad in black, a pair were met
To read the Waterloo Gazette, —
  They mourned their darling here.

They joined their boy. The tree at last
Lies prone, — discoursing of the past,
  Some fancy-dreams awaking,
Resigned, though headlong changes come,
Though nations arm to tuck of drum,
  And dynasties are quaking.

Romantic spot! By honest pride
Of eld tradition sanctified;
  My pensive vigil keeping,

I feel thy beauty like a spell,
And thoughts, and tender thoughts, upwell,
That fill my heart to weeping.

* * * *

Frederick Locker.

Hawkshead.

HAWKSHEAD.

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us, — for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six, — I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west

The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me, — even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye presences of nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye visions of the hills,
And souls of lonely places! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye through many a year
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed upon all forms the characters
Of danger or desire; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea?

William Wordsworth.

Heartholm.

HEARTHOLM.

ONCE more upon this happy hill
Doth yet my free foot bound at will;
About those cliffs, whose hearts of stone
To spade and mattock inly groan,
Well to reward the miner's pains,
In wealth from out a thousand veins,
Poor and past use, in age resigned
To ruin like our human kind,
And now and then o'erwhelming all,
Midst sullen thunder, in their fall;
Above the moorlands, brown and shorn,
On whose rough beds the winds are born,
From hardy north-blast, flinging wreaths
Of cradled snow, to that which breathes
Too infant-like to bear its tale
Of heathery sweetness to the vale;
And through those woods, my boyhood knew
And loved so well, whose memories strew
Their pathways thick as leaves
Upon the dreary autumn eves:
Once more I tread these pleasant fields
With chainless heart, fair Devon yields
Once more the old accustomed rest,
Most welcome as most absent guest.

* * * * *

James Payn.

Helvellyn.

HELVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge, nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet, that — no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him —
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

Sir Walter Scott.

TO —,

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee,
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo the dwindled woods and meadows!
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings, — heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge and gulf and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield!

Now take flight; possess, inherit
Alps or Andes, — they are thine!
With the morning's roseate spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colors drest

Flung from off the purple pinions
Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs! — or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,
Whither spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth reappeared; —

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty!

William Wordsworth.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be? —
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch-tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone, — and the birch in its stead is grown.
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust; —
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Highgate.

IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

FAR-SPREAD below doth London wear
Its cloud by day, its fire by night, —
Yet scarce with heavenly presence there
Shrined in the smoke or pallid light.

Incessant troops from that vast throng
Withdraw to silent colonies;
Where houses, lo! are fair and strong,
Though ruins all that dwell in these.

Yet, 'neath the universal sky
Bright children here too run and sing,
Calm verdure waxes green and high,
And grave-side roses smell of spring.

William Allingham.

Holmedon.

HOLMEDON.

MY liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfuméd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff. And still he smiled and talked;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk, so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds — God save the mark! —
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

William Shakespeare.

Inglewood Forest.

INGLEWOOD FOREST.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
Is but a name; nor more is Inglewood,
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:
On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone;
Yet still, though unappropriate wild be none,
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign
With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,
To kill for merry feast their venison.
Nor wants the holy abbot's gliding shade
His church with monumental wreck bestrewn;
The feudal warrior-chief, a ghost unlaid,
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
That he may watch by night, and lessons con
Of power that perishes and rights that fade.

William Wordsworth.

Irwan.

A FAREWELL TO THE VALLEY OF IRWAN.

FAREWELL the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye!
How oft along those banks I 've strayed,
And watched the wave that wandered by;
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day,
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away,
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

John Langhorne.

Isis, the River.

THE ISIS.

RIVER, who with thy two soul-stirring names
Speak'st, one of Rhedicyna's youthful dream,
And one of Commerce', Empire's mighty stream
At proud Augusta's foot, — Isis, and Thames, —
From Godstow, where the fairest of frail dames,
Ros'mund, with epitaph uncourteous lies,
Down to the reach where the tired skiffer ties
His boat for Newnham's summer feast and games,
These are the limits of my Isis: there,
Or up or down, I cleft my swift-oared way
Nightly, alone, with little heed or care,
Through the full stream with racing cutters gay;
Oft laughing at the imperious steersman's shout,
As from his very bows I glided out!

John Bruce Norton.

Isle of Man.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

THE feudal keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn

Just limits; but yon tower, whose smiles adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence:
Blest work it is of love and innocence, —
A tower of refuge to the else forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?
No; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
And they are led by noble Hillary.

William Wordsworth.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling brine,
With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all enraptured with its purity? —
Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline
Have ever in them something of benign;
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain well.
Temptation centres in the liquid calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee.

William Wordsworth.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound
(Still marked with green turf circles narrowing
Stage above stage) would sit this island's king,
The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;
While, compassing the little mount around,
Degrees and orders stood, each under each;
Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,
The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
Off with yon cloud, old Snafell! that thine eye
Over three realms may take its widest range;
And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
If the whole state must suffer mortal change,
Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

William Wordsworth.

Itchin, the River.

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN.

ITCHIN! when I behold thy banks again,
Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
On which the selfsame tints still seem to rest,
Why feels my heart a shivering sense of pain?
Is it that many a summer's day has past
Since in life's morn I carolled on thy side?

Is it that oft since then my heart has sighed
As youth and hope's delusive gleams flew fast?
Is it that those who gathered on thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend,
Sorrowing; yet feel such solace at my heart
As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

William Lisle Bowles.

Kenilworth.

THE IVY OF KENILWORTH.

HEARD'ST thou what the Ivy sighed,
Waving where all else hath died,
In the place of regal mirth,
Now the silent Kenilworth?

With its many glistening leaves,
There a solemn robe it weaves;
And a voice is in each fold,
Like an oracle's of old.

Heard'st thou, while with dews of night
Shone its berries darkly bright?
Yes! the whisperer seemed to say,
"All things, all things pass away.

"Where I am the harp hath rung
Banners and proud shields among,

And the blood-red wine flowed free,
And the fire shot sparks of glee.

"Where I am, now last and lone,
Queenly steps have come and gone,
Gorgeous masques have glided by,
Unto rolling harmony.

"Flung from these illumined towers,
Light hath pierced the forest bowers,
Lake and pool and fount have been
Kindled by their midnight sheen.

"Where is now the feasting high?
Where the lordly minstrelsy?
Where the tourney's ringing spear? —
I am sole and silent here!

"In my home no hearth is crowned,
Through my hall no wine foams round;
By my gates hath ceased the lay;
All things, all things pass away!"

Yes, thy warning voice I knew,
Ivy! and its tale is true;
All is passing, or hath passed, —
Thou thyself must perish last!

Yet my secret soul replied,
"Surely one thing shall abide;
Midst the wreck of ages, one, —
Heaven's eternal Word alone!"

Felicia Hemans.

Keswick.

KESWICK.

ONCE more I see thee, Skiddaw! once again
Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where, like the bulwark of this favored plain,
Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene, —
Thou glorious mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapors love to rest.

Once more, O Derwent! to thy awful shores
I come, insatiate of the accustomed sight,
And, listening as the eternal torrent roars,
Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight;
For I have wandered far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

Twelve years, (how large a part of man's brief day!)
Nor idly nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitched my tent.
Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here,
Where childless and oppressed with grief I came;

With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere,
Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim:
Here I possess — what more should I require? —
Books, children, leisure, — all my heart's desire.

Robert Southey.

KESWICK.

'TWAS at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorned them
Fade, like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth is departed, —
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window, beholding
Mountain and lake and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure;
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection,
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
Under the woods reposed; the hills that, calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Grizedal and westermost Withop.
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gathered above them
High in the middle air, — huge, purple, pillowy masses;

While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight,
Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
Earth was hushed and still; all motion and sound were suspended:
Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect, —
Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness.
Pensive I stood, and alone; the hour and the scene had subdued me;
And as I gazed in the west, where infinity seemed to be open,
Yearned to be free from time, and felt that this life is a thraldom.

Robert Southey.

Kirkstone.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills:

Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man; if stone or rock
Seem not his handiwork to mock
By something cognizably shaped;
Mockery, — or model roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the flood escaped:
Altars for Druid service fit
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glowworm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice);
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green, moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be raised, —
On which four thousand years have gazed!

Ye ploughshares sparkling on the slopes!
Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprisoned mid the formal props
Of restless ownership?
Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
To feed the insatiate prodigal!
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
All that the fertile valley shields;
Wages of folly, baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time; —
O care! O guilt! O vales and plains,
Here, mid his own unvexed domains,

A genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of you, —
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

List to those shriller notes! — that march
Perchance was on the blast,
When through this height's inverted arch
Rome's earliest legion passed!
They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block, — and yon, whose church-like frame
Gives to this savage pass its name.
Aspiring road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapory bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide;
And I (as all men may find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And they have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That choice lacked courage to bestow!

My soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted, — can she slight

The scene that opens now?
Though habitation none appear,
The greenness tells man must be there;
The shelter — that the pérspective
Is of the clime in which we live;
Where Toil pursues his daily round;
Where Pity sheds sweet tears; and Love,
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
Inflicts his tender wound.
Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Farewell, thou desolate domain!
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
Carols like a shepherd-boy;
And who is she? — can that be Joy!
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
"Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,
Thy lot, O man, is good, thy portion fair!"

William Wordsworth.

Lacock.

LACOCK NUNNERY.

I STOOD upon the stone where Ela lay,
The widowed founder of these ancient walls,
Where fancy still on meek devotion calls,
Marking the ivied arch and turret gray, —
For her soul's rest — eternal rest — to pray;
Where visionary nuns yet seem to tread,
A pale dim troop, the cloisters of the dead,
Though twice three hundred years have flown away!
But when with silent step and pensive mien,
In weeds, as mourning for her sisters gone,
The mistress of this lone monastic scene
Came, and I heard her voice's tender tone,
I said, Though centuries have rolled between,
One gentle, beauteous nun is left, on earth alone.

William Lisle Bowles.

Laken.

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAKEN IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day,
Thou standest by the margin of the pool;
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay:

God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart:
He who has not enough for these to spare
Of time or gold may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part.

Lord Thurlow.

Lancell's Tower.

THE RINGERS OF LANCELL'S TOWER.

THEY meet once more! that ancient band,
With furrowed cheek and failing hand;
One peal to-day they fain would ring,
The jubilee of England's king!

They meet once more! but where are now
The sinewy arm, the laughing brow,
The strength that hailed, in happier times,
King George the Third with lusty chimes?

Yet proudly gaze on that lone tower,
No goodlier sight hath hall or bower;
Meekly they strive, and closing day
Gilds with soft light their locks of gray.

Hark! proudly hark! with that true tone
They welcomed him to land and throne;
So e'er they die they fain would ring
The jubilee of England's king.

Hearts of old Cornwall, fare ye well!
Fast fade such scenes from field and dell;
How wilt thou lack, my own dear land,
Those trusty arms, that faithful band!

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Langdale.

DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.

Ghyll, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and for the most part a steep, narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest,
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food,
Or through the glittering vapors dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind, or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
"Down to the stump of yon old yew
We 'll for our whistles run a race."
Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt, they ran; and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,

"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries.
James stopped with no good-will:
Said Walter then, exulting, "Here
You 'll find a task for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross, —
Come on, and tread where I shall tread."
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into the chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock:
The gulf is deep below,
And in a basin black and small
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan.
Again! — his heart within him dies;
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.

His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn,
The lamb, still swimming round and round,
Made answer in that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was
That sent this rueful cry, I ween
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid:
A poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had hither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light;
The shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the bard
Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

William Wordsworth.

Lansdown.

LANSDOWN HILL.

WITH many a weary step at length I gain
Thy summit, Lansdown; and the cool breeze plays
Gratefully round my brow, as hence I gaze
Back on the fair expanse of yonder plain.
'T was a long way, and tedious; to the eye
Though fair the extended vale, and fair to view
The autumnal leaves of many a faded hue,
That eddy in the wild gust moaning by.
Even so it fared with life: in discontent,
Restless through fortune's mingled scenes I went,
Yet wept to think they would return no more.
But cease, fond heart! in such sad thoughts to roam;
For surely thou erelong shalt reach thy home,
And pleasant is the way that lies before.

Robert Southey.

Lechlade.

A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCHYARD.

LECHLADE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
Each vapor that obscured the sunset's ray;
And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair

In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day.
Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells toward the departing day,
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea;
Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aerial pile, whose pinnacles
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,
Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,
Around whose lessening and invisible height
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres;
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,
Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around;
And, mingling with the still night and mute sky,
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild
And terrorless as this serenest night;
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child
Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight
Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Ledbury.

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

WHEN human touch (as monkish books attest)
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble lady blest
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
Of her loved mistress; soon the music died,
And Catherine said, Here I set up my rest.
Warned in a dream, the wanderer long had sought
A home that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed: she heard it now, or felt
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

William Wordsworth.

Leeds.

LEEDS.

WIDE around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile;
And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear,
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds

The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow-paced steeds.
As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumbered, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn;
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads;
The neat-dressed housewives, for the festal board
Crowned with full baskets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The stroke of axe and hammer; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighboring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First viewed her growing turrets. So appear
The increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. *John Dyer.*

Leiston Abbey.

LEISTON ABBEY.

BEAUTIFUL fabric! even in decay
And desolation beauty still is thine:
As the rich sunset of an autumn day,
When gorgeous clouds in glorious hues combine
To render homage to its slow decline,
Is more majestic in its parting hour,
Even so thy mouldering, venerable shrine
Possesses now a more subduing power
Than in thine earlier sway with pomp and pride thy dower.

To voice of praise or prayer, or solemn sound
Of sacred music, once familiar here,
Thy walls are echoless; within their bound,
Once holy deemed, and to religion dear,
No sound salutes the most attentive ear
That tells thy former destiny; unless
It be when fitful breezes wandering near
Wake such faint sighs as feebly might express
Some unseen spirit's woe for thy lost loveliness.

Or when on stormy nights the winds are high,
And through thy roofless walls and arches sweep,
In tones more full of thrilling harmony
Than art could reach, while from the neighboring deep

The roar of bursting billows seems to keep
Accordant measure with the tempest's chime;
O, then, at times have I, aroused from sleep,
Fancied that thou, even in thy proudest prime,
Couldst ne'er have given birth to music more sublime.

But to the eye revolving years still add
Fresh charms, which make thee lovelier to the view;
For Nature has luxuriantly clad
Thy ruins, as if wishing to renew
Their claim to homage from those hearts that woo
Her gentle influence: with indulgent hand
She has atoned for all that Time could do,
Though she might not his ravages withstand;
And now thou art her own: her skill thy beauties planned.

The mantling ivy's ever-verdant wreath
She gave thee as her livery to wear:
Thy wall-flowers, waving at the gentlest breath,
And scattering perfume on the summer air,
Wooing the bee to come and labor there;
The clinging moss, whose hue of sober gray
Makes beautiful what else were bleak and bare, —
These she has given thee as a fit array
For thy declining pomp and her delightful sway.

* * * * *

Bernard Barton.

Lewesdon Hill.

LEWESDON HILL.

FROM this proud eminence on all sides round
The unbroken prospect opens to my view,
On all sides large; save only where the head
Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen:
So call (still rendering to his ancient name
Observance due) that rival height southwest,
Which, like a rampire, bounds the vale beneath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there are seen
Herds ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
Of some wide-branching oak; there goodly fields
Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the kine,
Returning with their milky treasure home,
Store the rich dairy: such fair plenty fills
The pleasant vale of Marshwood, pleasant now,
Since that the spring hath decked anew the meads
With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
Their foggy moistness drained; in wintry days
Cold, vaporish, miry, wet, and to the flocks
Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
To drench the spongy turf; but ere that time
The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil,
Rechasing,[1] lest his tender ewes should coath[2]
In the dank pasturage. Let not the fields
Of Evesham, nor that ample valley named
Of the White Horse, its antique monument

[1] Changing pasture. [2] Become distempered.

Carved in the chalky bourn, for beauty and wealth
Might equal, though surpassing in extent,
This fertile vale, in length from Lewesdon's base
Extended to the sea, and watered well
By many a rill; but chief with thy clear stream,
Thou nameless Rivulet, who, from the side
Of Lewesdon softly welling forth, dost trip
Adown the valley, wandering sportively.

* * * * *

How is it vanished in a hasty spleen,
The Tor of Glastonbury! Even but now
I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
Of that northwestern hill; and in this Now
A cloud hath passed on it, and its dim bulk
Becomes annihilate, or, if not, a spot
Which the strained vision tires itself to find.

* * * * *

But hark! the village clock strikes nine; the chimes
Merrily follow, tuneful to the sense
Of the pleased clown attentive, while they make
False-measured melody on crazy bells.
O wondrous power of modulated sound!
Which, like the air (whose all-obedient shape
Thou mak'st thy slave), canst subtilely pervade
The yielded avenues of sense, unlock
The close affections, by some fairy path
Winning an easy way through every ear,
And with thine unsubstantial quality
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all, —
All but some cold and sullen-tempered spirits
Who feel no touch of sympathy or love.

William Crowe.

Lichfield.

EPITAPH

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD.

AMID these aisles, where once his precepts showed
The heavenward pathway which in life he trode,
This simple tablet marks a father's bier,
And those he loved in life in death are near;
For him, for them, a daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.
Still wouldst thou know why, o'er the marble spread,
In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What poet's voice is smothered here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just, —
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honored, beloved, and mourned, here Seward lies!
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say, —
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

Sir Walter Scott.

Lincolnshire.

LINCOLN FENS.

BUT on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides: a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compressed the slothful Naiad of the Fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With feverish blasts subdues the sickening land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burdened brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.

John Armstrong.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!

Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby'!"

Men say it was a stolen tyde, —
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth, —
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea

Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis· Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main.
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."

He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout, —
Then beaten foam flew round about, —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave

Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high, —
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I, — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst my daughter deare!
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass;
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;

A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (shee sayth).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis' shore,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all along.
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver:
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

Jean Ingelow.

Linden Lea.

MY ORCHET IN LINDEN LEA.

DORSET DIALECT.

'ITHIN the woodlands, flow'ry gledaed,
By the woak tree's mossy moot,
The sheenen grass-bleades, timber-sheaded,
Now do quiver under voot;
An' birds do whissle auver head,
An' water 's bubblen in its bed,
An' there vor me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that leately wer a-springen
Now do feade 'ithin the copse,
An' painted birds do hush ther zingen
Up upon the timber's tops,
An' brown-leav'd fruit 's a-turnen red,
In cloudless zunsheen, auver head,
Wi' fruit vor me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other vo'k meake money vaster
  In the air o' dark-room'd towns,
I don't dread a peevish measter;
  Though noo man do heed my frowns,
I be free to goo abrode,
Or teake agean my hwomeward road
To where vor me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

William Barnes.

Lindisfarne.

THE HOLY ISLAND.

AND now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They passed the tower of Widdrington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet Isle their beads they tell
To the good saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,

And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next they crossed themselves to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the saint's domain:
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,

By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and Northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE REAPERS OF LINDISFARNE.

IN his abbey cell Saint Cuthbert
Sate burdened and care-dismayed:
For the wild Northumbrian people,
For whom he had wrought and prayed,
Still clung to their warlike pastime,
Their plunder and border raid;

Still scouted all peaceful tillage,
And queried with scowling brow,
"Shall we who have won our victual
By the stout, strong hand till now,
Forswearing the free, bold foray,
Crawl after the servile plough?"

"Through year and through year I have taught them
By the word of my mouth," he said,
"And still, in their untamed rudeness,
They trust to the wilds for bread;
But now will I teach henceforward
By the toil of my hands instead.

"In their sight I will set the lesson;
And, gazing across the tarn,
They shall see on its nether border
Garth, byre, and hurdled barn,
And the brave, fair field of barley
That shall whiten at Lindisfarne."

Therewith from his Melrose cloister
Saint Cuthbert went his way:
He felled the hurst, and the meadow
Bare him rich swaths of hay,
And forth and aback in the furrow
He wearied the longsome day.

And it came to pass when the autumn
The ground with its sere leaves strawed,
And the purple was over the moorlands,

And the rust on the sunburnt sod,
That, ripe for the reaper, the barley
Silvered the acres broad.

Then certain among the people,
Fierce folk who had laughed to scorn
The cark of the patient toiler,
While riot and hunt and horn
Were wiling them in the greenwood,
Cried: "Never Northumbrian born

"Shall make of his sword a sickle,
Or help to winnow the heap:
The hand that hath sowed may garner
The grain as he list, — or sleep,
And pray the hard Lord he serveth,
That his angels may come and reap."

Right sadly Saint Cuthbert listened;
And, bowing his silvered head,
He sought for a Christ-like patience
As he lay on his rush-strewn bed,
And strength for the morrow's scything,
Till his fears and his sadness fled.

Then he dreamed that he saw descending
On the marge of the moorland tarn
A circle of shining reapers,
Who heaped in the low-eaved barn
The sheaves that their gleaming sickles
Had levelled at Lindisfarne.

In the cool of the crispy morning,
  Ere the lark had quitted her nest
In the beaded grass, the sleeper
  Arose from his place of rest;
"For," he sighed, "I must toil till the gloaming
  Is graying the golden west."

He turned to look at his corn-land;
  Did he dream? Did he see aright?
Close cut was the field of barley,
  And the stubble stood thick in sight:
For the reapers with shining sickles
  Had harvested all the night!

Margaret J. Preston.

Linn (Lyn), the River.

WATERS-MEET.

(Recollection of Homer.)

EVEN thus, methinks, in some Ionian isle,
Yielding his soul to unrecorded joy,
Beside a fall like this, lingered awhile
On briery banks that wondrous minstrel-boy;
Long hours there came upon his vacant ear
The rushing of the river, till strange dreams
Fell on him, and his youthful spirit clear
Was dwelt on by the power of voiceful streams.
Thenceforth begun to grow upon his soul

The sound and force of waters; and he fed
His joy at many an ancient river's head,
And echoing caves, and thunder, and the roll
Of the wakeful ocean, — till the day when he
Poured forth that stream divine of mighty melody.

Henry Alford.

LINN-CLEEVE.

THIS onward-deepening gloom; this hanging path
Over the Linn that soundeth mightily,
Foaming and tumbling on, as if in wrath
That aught should bar its passage to the sea;
These sundered walls of rock, tier upon tier,
Built darkly up into the very sky,
Hung with thick woods, the native haunt of deer
And sheep that browse the dizzy slopes on high, —
All half unreal to my fancy seem;
For opposite my crib, long years ago,
Were pictured just such rocks, just such a stream,
With just this height above and depth below;
Even this jutting crag I seem to know, —
As when some sight calls back a half-forgotten dream.

Henry Alford.

Liverpool.

THE MERSEY AND THE IRWELL.

SUGGESTED by a very curious and interesting model of the little town of Liverpool, as it existed in the earlier part of the last century.

A CENTURY since the Mersey flowed
Unburdened to the sea;
In the blue air no smoky cloud
Hung over wood and lea,
Where the old church with the fretted tower
Had a hamlet round its knee.

And all along the eastern way
The sheep fed on the track;
The grass grew quietly all the day, —
Only the rooks were black;
And the pedler frightened the lambs at play
With his knapsack on his back.

Where blended Irk and Irwell streamed
While Britons pitched the tent,
Where legionary helmets gleamed,
And Norman bows were bent,
An ancient shrine was once esteemed
Where pilgrims daily went.

A century since the pedler still
Somewhat of this might know, —

Might see the weekly markets fill
And the people ebb and flow
Beneath St. Mary's on the hill
A hundred years ago.

Since then a vast and filmy veil
Is o'er the landscape drawn,
Through which the sunset hues look pale,
And gray the roseate dawn;
And the fair face of hill and dale
Is apt to seem forlorn.

Smoke, rising from a thousand fires,
Hides all that passed from view;
Vainly the prophet's heart aspires, —
It hides the future too;
And the England of our slow-paced sires
Is thought upon by few.

Yet man lives not by bread alone, —
How shall he live by gold?
The answer comes in a sudden moan
Of sickness, hunger, and cold;
And, lo! the seed of a new life sown
In the ruins of the old!

The human heart, which seemed so dead,
Wakes with a sudden start;
To right and left we hear it said,
"Nay; 't is a noble heart,"
And the angels whisper overhead,
"There 's a new shrine in the mart!"

And though it be long since daisies grew
Where Irk and Irwell flow,
If human love springs up anew,
And angels come and go,
What matters it that the skies were blue
A hundred years ago?

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

LIVERPOOL.

IN Liverpool, the good old town, we miss
The grand old relics of a reverend past, —
Cathedrals, shrines that pilgrims come to kiss, —
Walls wrinkled by the blast.

Some crypt or keep, historically dear,
You find, go where you will, all England through:
But what have we to venerate, — all here
Ridiculously new.

We have our Castle Street, but castle none;
Redcross Street, but its legend who can learn;
Oldhall Street, too, we have, the old hall gone;
Tithebarn Street, but no barn.

Huge warehouses for cotton, rice, and corn,
Tea and tobacco, log and other woods,
Oils, tallow, hides that smell so foully foreign,
Yea, all things known as goods, —

These we can show, but nothing to restore
The spirit of old times, save here and there

An ancient mansion with palatial door,
In some degenerate square.

Then rise the merchant princes of old days,
Their silken dames, their skippers from the strand,
Who brought their sea-borne riches, not always
Quite free from contraband.

And these their mansions, to base uses come, —
Harbors for fallen fair ones, drifting tars;
Some manufactories of blacking, some
Tobacco and cigars.

We have a church that one almost reveres, —
St. Nicholas, nodding by the river-side, —
In old times hailed by ancient mariners
That came up with the tide.

And there 's St. Peter's, too, not quite so frail,
Yet old enough for antiquated thoughts:
Ah, many a time I lean against the rail
To hear its sweet cracked notes.

For when the sun has clomb the middle sky,
And wandered down the short hour after noon,
Then to the heedless world that hurries by
The clock bells clink a tune.

They give us "Home, Sweet Home" in plaintive key,
And in its turn breaks out "The Scolding Wife,"
To show that home, however sweet it be,
Is yet not free from strife

But sometimes "Auld Lang Syne" comes clinking forth,
And surely every listening heart is charmed;
For what are even the sorrows of the earth
When, past, they are transformed?

Yet all is so ridiculously new,
Except, perhaps, the river and the sky,
The waters and the immemorial blue
Forever sailing by.

Ay, they are old, but new as well as old,
For old and new are just the same sky dream,—
One metal in a slightly different mould,
The same refiltered stream.

Robert Leighton.

THE DINGLE.

STRANGER! that with careless feet
Wanderest near this green retreat,
Where through gently bending slopes
Soft the distant prospect opes;

Where the fern, in fringéd pride,
Decks the lonely valley's side;
Where the white-throat chirps his song,
Flitting as thou tread'st along:

Know, where now thy footsteps pass
O'er the bending tufts of grass,
Bright gleaming through the encircling wood,
Once a Naiad rolled her flood.

If her urn, unknown to fame,
Poured no far extended stream,
Yet along its grassy side
Clear and constant rolled the tide.

Grateful for the tribute paid,
Lordly Mersey loved the maid;
Yonder rocks still mark the place
Where she met his stern embrace.

Stranger, curious, wouldst thou learn
Why she mourns her wasted urn?
Soon a short and simple verse
Shall her hopeless fate rehearse.

Ere yon neighboring spires arose,
That the upland prospect close,
Or ere along the startled shore
Echoed loud the cannon's roar,

Once the maid, in summer's heat,
Careless left her cool retreat,
And by sultry suns opprest,
Laid her wearied limbs to rest;

Forgetful of her daily toil,
To trace each humid tract of soil,
From dews and bounteous showers to bring
The limpid treasures of her spring.

Enfeebled by the scorching ray,
She slept the circling hours away;

And when she oped her languid eye,
She found her silver urn was dry.

Heedless stranger! who so long
Hast listened to an idle song,
Whilst trifles thus thy notice share,
Hast thou no urn that asks thy care?

William Roscoe.

Lockswell.

LOCKSWELL.

PURE fount, that, welling from the wooded hill,
Dost wander forth, as into life's wide vale,
Thou to the traveller dost tell no tale
Of other years; a lone, unnoticed rill,
In thy forsaken track, unheard of men,
Melting thy own sweet music through the glen.
Time was when other sounds and songs arose:
When o'er the pensive scene, at evening's close,
The distant bell was heard; or the full chant
At morn came sounding high and jubilant;
Or, stealing on the wildered pilgrim's way,
The moonlight Miserere died away,
Like all things earthly.
Stranger, mark the spot;
No echoes of the chiding world intrude.
The structure rose and vanished; solitude

Possessed the woods again; old Time forgot,
Passing to wider spoil, its place and name.
Since then, even as the clouds of yesterday,
Seven hundred years have wellnigh passed away;
No wreck remains of all its early pride;
Like its own orisons, its fame has died.
But this pure fount, through rolling years the same,
Yet lifts its still small voice, like penitence,
Or lowly prayer. Then pass admonished hence,
Happy, thrice happy, if through good or ill,
Christian, thy heart respond to this forsaken rill.

William Lisle Bowles.

Loddon Hall.

LODDON HALL.

STILL on he rode! a mansion fair and tall
Rose on his view, — the pride of Loddon Hall:
Spread o'er the park he saw the grazing steer,
The full-fed steed, and herds of bounding deer:
On a clear stream the vivid sunbeams played,
Through noble elms, and on the surface made
That moving picture, checkered light and shade;
The attended children, there indulged to stray,
Enjoyed and gave new beauty to the day;
Whose happy parents from their room were seen
Pleased with the sportive idlers on the green.

* * * * *

Home went the lovers through that busy place,
By Loddon Hall, the country's pride and grace;
By the rich meadows where the oxen fed,
Through the green vale that formed the river's bed;
And by unnumbered cottages and farms,
That have for musing minds unnumbered charms;
And how affected by the view of these
Was then Orlando, — did they pain or please?
Nor pain nor pleasure could they yield, — and why?
The mind was filled, was happy, and the eye
Roved o'er the fleeting views, that but appeared to die.

George Crabbe.

Loddon, the River.

ON REVISITING THE RIVER LODDON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun, —
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between,
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure

No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

Thomas Warton.

Lodore.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

"HOW does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon, at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.

So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 't was in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing,
Because I was Laureate
To them and the king.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills, —
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,

Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,

And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,

And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar;
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Robert Southey.

London.

LONDON.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injured Thales bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend;
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,

To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fixed on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

Samuel Johnson.

LONDON.

A MIGHTY mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head, — and there is London Town!

Lord Byron.

LONDON.

TO live in London was my young wood-dream, —
London, where all the books come from, the lode
That draws into its centre from all points
The bright steel of the world; where Shakespeare wrote,

And Eastcheap is, with all its memories
Of gossip Quickly, Falstaff, and Prince Hal;
Where are the very stones that Milton trod,
And Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and the rest;
Where even now our Dickens builds a shrine
That pilgrims through all time will come to see, —
London! whose street names breathe such home to all:
Cheapside, the Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill,
Each name a very story in itself.
To live in London! — London, the buskined stage
Of history, the archive of the past, —
The heart, the centre of the living world!
Wake, dreamer, to your village and your work.

Robert Leighton.

LONDON.

THERE was a time when whatsoe'er is feigned
Of airy palaces, and gardens built
By Genii of romance; or hath in grave
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis;
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
Among Tartarian wilds, — fell short, far short,
Of what my fond simplicity believed
And thought of London, — held me by a chain
Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
Whether the bolt of childhood's fancy shot
For me beyond its ordinary mark,
'T were vain to ask; but in our flock of boys
Was one, a cripple from his birth, whom chance

Summoned from school to London: fortunate
And envied traveller! When the boy returned,
After short absence, curiously I scanned
His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth,
From disappointment, not to find some change
In look and air, from that new region brought,
As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned him;
And every word he uttered on my ears
Fell flatter than a cagéd parrot's note,
That answers unexpectedly awry,
And mocks the prompter's listening. Marvellous things
Had vanity (quick spirit that appears
Almost as deeply seated and as strong
In a child's heart as fear itself) conceived
For my enjoyment. Would that I could now
Recall what then I pictured to myself
Of mitred prelates, lords in ermine clad,
The King and the King's palace, and, not last,
Nor least, Heaven bless him! the renowned Lord Mayor:
Dreams not unlike to those which once begat
A change of purpose in young Whittington,
When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,
Sat on a stone, and heard the bells speak out
Articulate music. Above all, one thought
Baffled my understanding: how men lived
Even next-door neighbors, as we say, yet still
Strangers, not knowing each the other's name.

O wondrous power of words, by simple faith
Licensed to take the meaning that we love!

Vauxhall and Ranelagh! I then had heard
Of your green groves, and wilderness of lamps
Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,
And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,
Floating in dance, or warbling high in air
The songs of spirits! Nor had Fancy fed
With less delight upon that other class
Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent:
The river proudly bridged; the dizzy top
And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's; the tombs
Of Westminster; the giants of Guildhall;
Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the gates,
Perpetually recumbent; statues — man,
And the horse under him — in gilded pomp
Adorning flowery gardens, mid vast squares;
The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower
Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,
Their steeds bestriding, — every mimic shape
Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch wore,
Whether for gorgeous tournament addressed,
Or life or death upon the battle-field.
Those bold imaginations in due time
Had vanished, leaving others in their stead:
And now I looked upon the living scene;
Familiarly perused it; oftentimes,
In spite of strongest disappointment, pleased
Through courteous self-submission, as a tax
Paid to the object by prescriptive right.

Ries, up thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain
Of a too busy world! Before me flow,

Thou endless stream of men and moving things!
Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes —
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe —
On strangers of all ages; the quick dance
Of colors, lights, and forms; the deafening din;
The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face; the string of dazzling wares,
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
And all the tradesman's honors overhead:
Here fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian saints;
There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
Boyle, Shakespeare, Newton, or the attractive head
Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud!
At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,
And sights and sounds that come at intervals,
We take our way. A raree-show is here,
With children gathered round; another street
Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antic pair
Of monkeys on his back; a minstrel band
Of Savoyards; or, single and alone,
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,

Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes
Thrilled by some female vender's scream, belike
The very shrillest of all London cries,
May then entangle our impatient steps;
Conducted through those labyrinths, unawares,
To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls;
Advertisements, of giant size, from high
Press forward, in all colors, on the sight;
These, bold in conscious merit, lower down;
That, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
'T is one encountered here and everywhere;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
Another lies at length, beside a range
Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed
Upon the smooth flat stones: the nurse is here,
The bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
The military idler, and the dame,
That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub, where
See, among less distinguishable shapes,
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;
The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
Upon his head; with basket at his breast,
The Jew; the stately and slow-moving Turk,
With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm!

Enough; — the mighty concourse I surveyed
With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note
Among the crowd all specimens of man,
Through all the colors which the sun bestows,
And every character of form and face:
The Swede, the Russian; from the genial South,
The Frenchman and the Spaniard; from remote
America the hunter-Indian; Moors,
Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
And negro ladies in white muslin gowns.

William Wordsworth.

LONDON.

IT is a goodly sight through the clear air,
From Hampstead's heathy height to see at once
England's vast capital in fair expanse, —
Towers, belfries, lengthened streets, and structures fair.
St. Paul's high dome amidst the vassal bands
Of neighboring spires, a regal chieftain stands,
And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
With distance softly tinted, side by side
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,

The towers of Westminster, her Abbey's pride:
While far beyond the hills of Surrey shine
Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line.
Viewed thus, a goodly sight! but when surveyed
Through denser air when moistened winds prevail,
In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
She is sublime. She seems a curtained gloom
Connecting heaven and earth, — a threatening sign of doom.
With more than natural height, reared in the sky,
'T is then St. Paul's arrests the wondering eye;
The lower parts in swathing mist concealed,
The higher through some half-spent shower revealed,
So far from earth removed, that well, I trow,
Did not its form man's artful structure show,
It might some lofty alpine peak be deemed, —
The eagle's haunt, with cave and crevice seamed.
Stretched wide on either hand, a rugged screen
In lurid dimness, nearer streets are seen
Like shoreward billows of a troubled main
Arrested in their rage. Through drizzly rain
Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies,
Of furnace smoke black curling columns rise,
And many tinted vapors slowly pass
O'er the wide draping of that pictured mass.

So shows by day this grand imperial town,
And, when o'er all the night's black stole is thrown,
The distant traveller doth with wonder mark
Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,

Cast up, from myriads of lamps that shine
Along her streets in many a starry line:
He wondering looks from his yet distant road,
And thinks the northern streamers are abroad.
"What hollow sound is that?" Approaching near,
The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear.
It is the flood of human life in motion!
It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean!
With sad but pleasing awe his soul is filled,
Scarce heaves his breast, and all within is stilled,
As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind,—
Thoughts, mingled, melancholy, undefined,
Of restless, reckless man, and years gone by,
And time fast wending to eternity.

Joanna Baillie.

RETURN TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my nativitie!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
All nations, customes, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then,
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is; though by hard fate sent

Into a long and irksome banishment,
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native countrey, repossest by thee!
For, rather then I 'le to the west return,
I 'le beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred reliques buriall.

Robert Herrick.

LONDON.

Rank abundance breeds,
In gross and pampered cities, sloth and lust
And wantonness and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond the achievements of successful flight.
I do confess them nurseries of the arts,
In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.

Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touched by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone

The powers of sculpture, but the style as much,
Each province of her art her equal care.

With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will
The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied,
As London, — opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she,
A more accomplished world's chief glory now.

William Cowper.

EAST LONDON.

'TWAS August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited;

I met a preacher there I knew, and said,
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread.*"

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

Matthew Arnold.

WEST LONDON.

CROUCHED on the pavement close by Belgrave Square,
A tramp I saw, ill, moody, and tongue-tied;
A babe was in her arms, and at her side
A girl; their clothes were rags, their feet were bare.

Some laboring men, whose work lay somewhere there,
Passed opposite; she touched her girl, who hied
Across, and begged, and came back satisfied.
The rich she had let pass with frozen stare.

Thought I: Above her state this spirit towers;
She will not ask of aliens, but of friends,
Of sharers in a common human fate.

She turns from that cold succor which attends
The unknown little from the unknowing great,
And points us to a better time than ours.

Matthew Arnold.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S ADVANCEMENT.

"THERE is something so fabulous," says the editor of *Old Ballads*, following Grafton and Stow, "or at least, that has such a romantic appearance, in the history of Whittington, that I shall not choose to relate it, but refer my credulous readers to common tradition, or to the penny histories. Certain it is there was such a man; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer, and one who has left public edifices and charitable works enow behind him to transmit his name to posterity."

HERE must I tell the praise
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his dayes
Thrice Maior of London.
But of poor parentage
Borne was he, as we heare,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorely to London than
Came up this simple lad,
Where with a marchant-man
Soone he a dwelling had;
And in a kitchen plast,
A scullion for to be,
Whereas long time he past
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning spitts at the fire;
And to scour pots of brasse,
For a poore scullions hire.
Meat and drinke all his pay,
Of coyne he had no store;

Therefore to run away,
In secret thought he bore.

So from this marchant-man,
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.
But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morne,
Londons bells sweetly rung,
"Whittington, back return!"

Evermore sounding so,
"Turn againe, Whittington;
For thou in time shall grow
Lord-Maior of London."
Whereupon back againe
Whittington came with speed,
A prentise to remaine,
As the Lord had decreed.

"Still blessed be the bells";
(This was his daily song)
"They my good fortune tells,
Most sweetly have they rung.
If God so favour me,
I will not proove unkind;
London my love shall see,
And my great bounties find."

But see his happy chance!
This scullion had a cat,

Which did his state advance,
And by it wealth he gat.
His maister ventred forth,
To a land far unknowne,
With marchandize of worth,
As is in stories showne.

Whittington had no more
But this poor cat as than,
Which to the ship he bore,
Like a brave marchant-man.
"Vent'ring the same," quoth he,
"I may get store of golde,
And Maior of London be,
As the bells have me told."

Whittington's marchandise,
Carried was to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
As they did understand.
The king of that country there,
As he at dinner sat,
Daily remain'd in fear
Of many a mouse and rat.

Meat that in trenchers lay,
No way they could keepe safe;
But by rats borne away,
Fearing no wand or staff.
Whereupon, soone they brought
Whittingtons nimble cat;

Which by the king was bought;
Heapes of gold giv'n for that.

Home againe came these men
With their ships loaden so,
Whittingtons wealth began
By this cat thus to grow.
Scullions life he forsooke
To be a marchant good,
And soon began to looke
How well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
Shriefe of the citty heere,
And then full quickly rose
Higher, as did appeare.
For to this cities praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his dayes
Thrise Maior of London.

More his fame to advance,
Thousands he lent his king,
To maintaine warres in France,
Glory from thence to bring.
And after, at a feast
Which he the king did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jeast,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave
To his prince willingly,

And would not one penny have;
This in kind curtesie.
God did thus make him great,
So would he daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To shew his charity.

Prisoners poore cherish'd were,
Widdowes sweet comfort found;
Good deeds both far and neere,
Of him do still resound.
Whittington Colledge is
One of his charities;
Records reporteth this
To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded faire,
For prisoners to live in;
Christs-Church he did repaire,
Christian love for to win.
Many more such like deedes
Were done by Whittington;
Which joy and comfort breedes,
To such as looke thereon.

Lancashire, thou hast bred
This flower of charity:
Though he be gon and dead
Yet lives he lastingly.

Those bells that call'd him so,
"Turne again, Whittington,"
Call you back many moe
To live so in London.

Anonymous.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighboring lands
Midst greens and sweets a regal fabric stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confessed,
Formed to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first preferred them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners waved in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Poured in his Danes, ere elder Julius came,

Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name,
A prince of Albion's lineage graced the wood,
The scene of wars, and stained with lover's blood.

Thomas Tickell.

LINES

WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

IN this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand;
And at its head, to stay the eye,
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand.

Birds here make song, each bird has his,
Across the girdling city's hum.
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless, active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

In the huge world which roars hard by
Be others happy, if they can!
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I, on men's impious uproar hurled,
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace forever new!
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass;
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

THOU hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow and the evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.
From other ills, however fortune frowned,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.

Thomas Tickell.

SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

MORTALITY, behold and fear,
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands
Where from their pulpits, soiled with dust,
They preach, in greatness is no trust.
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died;
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Francis Beaumont.

TWO QUEENS IN WESTMINSTER.

IN the Chapel of Henry the Seventh,
Where the sculptured ceilings rare
Show the conquered stone-work, hanging
Like cobweb films in air,
There are held two shrines in keeping,
Whose memories closely press:
The tomb of the Rose of Scotland,
And that of stout Queen Bess.

Each side of the sleeping Tudor
They rest; and over their dust
The canopies mould and darken
And the gilding gathers rust;
While low on the marble tablet,
Each effigied in stone,
They lie, — as they went to judgment, —
Uncrowned, and cold, and alone.

Beside them pass the thousands
Each day; and hundreds strive
To read the whole of the lesson
That knoweth no man alive, —
Of which was more to be pitied,
And which was more to be feared, —
The strong queen, with the nerve of manhood,
Or the woman too close endeared.

One weakened her land with faction,
One strengthened with bands of steel;

One died on the black-draped scaffold,
  One broke on old age's wheel:
And both — O sweet heaven, the pity! —
  Felt the thorns in the rim of the crown
Far more than the sweep of the ermine
  Or the ease of the regal down.

Was the Stuart of Scotland plotting
  For her royal sister's all?
Was it hatred in crown or in person
  Drove the Tudor to work her fall?
Was there guilty marriage with Bothwell
  And black crime at the Kirk of Field?
And what meed had the smothered passion
  That for Essex stood half revealed?

Dark questions! — and who shall solve them?
  Not one, till the great assize,
When royal secrets and motives
  Shall be opened to commonest eyes; —
Not even by bookworm students,
  Who shall dig and cavil and grope,
And keep to the ear learned promise,
  While they break it to the hope!

Ah, well, — there is one sad lesson
  Made clear to us all, at the worst:
Of two forces made quite incarnate,
  And that equally blessed and cursed.
With the English woman, all-conquering
  Was Power, and its handmaid, Pride;

With the Scottish walked fierce-eyed Passion,
Calling lovers to her side;

And the paths were the paths of ruin,
Of disease and of woe, to both,
With their guerdon the sleepless pillow,
And their weapon the broken troth;
And each, when she died, might have shuddered
To know she had failed to find
A content, even poorly perfect,
As that blessing some landless hind!

Ah, well, again, — they are sleeping
Divided, yet side by side;
And the lesson were far less perfect
If their sepulchres severed wide.
And well for Bess and for Marie
That the eyes, to judge them at last,
Will be free from the gloss and glamour
Blinding ours through present and past!

Henry Morford.

POETS' CORNER.

O WORLD, what have your poets while they live
But sorrow and the finger of the scorner?
And, dead, the highest honor you can give
Is burial in a corner.

Not so, my poets of the popular school
Disprove that mean, yet prevalent conception.
Once in an age that may be; but the rule
Is proved by the exception.

And so, good World, the poet still remains
To all your benefices a poor foreigner;
Considered well rewarded if he gains
At last rest in a corner.

Here in Westminster's sanctuary, where
Some two-three kings usurp one half the Abbey,
Whole generations of the poets share
This nook so dim and shabby.

So when we come to see Westminster's lions,
The needy vergers of the Abbey wait us;
And while we pay to see the royal scions,
We see the poets gratis.

Some in corporeal presence crowd the nook,
While others, who in body are not near it,
Are here as in the pages of a book, —
Present only in spirit.

White-bearded Chaucer's here, an honored guest,
His sword of cutting humor in its scabbard;
And, sooth, he did not find such quiet rest
In Southwark at the Tabard!

Here's Michael Drayton in his laurelled tomb,
And Shakespeare over all the host commanding;
And rare Ben Jonson, who got scanty room,
And so was buried standing.

Spenser is here from faerie land, his eyne
Filled with the glamour of some dreamy notion,

Admired the more that half his "Faerie Queen"
Was lost in middle ocean.

Here's Prior, who was popular no doubt;
And Guy, with face and cowl round as a saucer;
And Dryden, who, some think, should be put out
Because he murdered Chaucer.

And Milton, after all his civil shocks,
Is here with look of sweet, yet strong decision, —
John Milton, with the soft poetic locks
And supernatural vision.

Beaumont of the firm of B. and F. is here;
And Cowley, metaphysical and lyric;
And Addison, the elegant and clear;
And Butler, all satiric.

Gray, of the famous Elegy, who found
His churchyard in the country rather lonely,
Lies with the rest in this more classic ground,
Although in spirit only.

And Goldsmith at the Temple leaves his bones,
Comes here with tender heart and rugged feature,
And mingles through this wilderness of stones
His milky human nature.

And here is he that wrote the Seasons four;
And so is Johnson, who discovered "Winter,"
And Garrick, too, who had poetic lore
Enough to bid him enter.

And Southey, who for bread wrote many a tome, —
Of prose and verse a progeny plethoric, —
And he that sung the lays of ancient Rome, —
Macaulay, the historic.

Campbell is here in body as in soul, —
He for a national song eclipsed by no land;
And in whose grave the patriotic Pole
Sprinkled the earth of Poland.

Of other famous names we find the trace,
And think of many from their non-appearance;
Byron, for one, who was denied a place
Through priestly interference.

Now most upon their own true genius stand;
A few, perhaps, on little else than quackery;
But all in all, they are a glorious band,
From Chaucer down to Thackeray.

Robert Leighton.

THE TOMB OF ADDISON.

CAN I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,

The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
O, gone forever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.

* * * * *

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below:
Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chief's graced with scars and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

Thomas Tickell.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.[1]

'TIS well to see these accidental great,
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
To the more noble eminence of mind,

[1] He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, his pall being supported by six noblemen.

And doing homage to a bard
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starred,
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was signed.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame;
The builders of the pyramids, who reared
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.
Though Homer's tomb was never known,
A mausoleum of his own
Long as the world endures his greatness shall proclaim.

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want?
'T is his to give, and not derive renown.
What monumental bronze or adamant,
Like his own deathless lays can hand him down?
Poets outlast their tombs: the bust
And statue soon revert to dust;
The dust they represent still wears the laurel crown.

The solid Abbey walls that seem time-proof,
Formed to await the final day of doom;
The clustered shafts and arch-supported roof,
That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,
Become a ruined, shattered fane,
May fall and bury him again:
Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still shall bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies
Of elder poets that were grouped around,
Leaned from their pedestals with eager eyes,

To peer into the excavated ground
Where lay the gifted, good, and brave,
While earth from Kosciusko's grave
Fell on his coffin-plate with freedom-shrieking sound.

And over him the kindred dust was strewed
Of Poets' Corner. O misnomer strange!
The poet's confine is the amplitude
Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
O'er which his spirit wings its flight,
Shedding an intellectual light,
A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
As if to form a halo o'er his head,
Not few of England's master spirits stood,
Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
To wave each separating plea
Of sect, clime, party, and degree,
All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.

To me the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard through many a changeful year,
It was a proud sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
Seven lustres had he been my friend,
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

Horace Smith.

London Streets.

WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays:
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his laboring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "Clean your shoes!" resounds from every voice;

When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries, —
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide:
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned;
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows and rains and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge or ankle sprain;
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To chose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.

That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's, assemblies, or the play, —
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane;
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
O, may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienced danger sings!

John Gay.

BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. LEVETT.

CONDEMNED to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind,
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
The vigorous remedy displayed,
The power of art, without the show.

In misery's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh;
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride,

The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by:
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throb of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

Samuel Johnson.

WOOD STREET.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud,—it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'T is a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes!

William Wordsworth.

WIMPOLE STREET.

DARK house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand, —

A hand that can be clasped no more, —
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly through the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

Alfred Tennyson.

OXFORD STREET.

LIFE in its many shapes was there,
The busy and the gay;
Faces that seemed too young and fair
To ever know decay.

Wealth, with its waste, its pomp and pride,
Led forth its glittering train;
And Poverty's pale face beside
Asked aid, and asked in vain.

The shops were filled from many lands,
Toys, silks, and gems, and flowers;
The patient work of many hands,
The hope of many hours.

Yet, mid life's myriad shapes around
There was a sigh of death;
There rose a melancholy sound,
The bugle's wailing breath.

They played a mournful Scottish air,
That on its native hill
Had caught the notes the night-winds bear
From weeping leaf and rill.

'T was strange to hear that sad wild strain
Its warning music shed,
Rising above life's busy train,
In memory of the dead.

There came a slow and silent band
In sad procession by;
Reversed the musket in each hand,
And downcast every eye.

They bore the soldier to his grave;
The sympathizing crowd
Divided like a parted wave
By some dark vessel ploughed.

A moment, and all sounds were mute,
For awe was over all;
You heard the soldier's measured foot,
The bugle's wailing call.

The gloves were laid upon the bier,
The helmet and the sword;
The drooping war-horse followed near,
As he, too, mourned his lord.

Slowly — I followed too — they led
To where a church arose,
And flung a shadow o'er the dead,
Deep as their own repose.

Green trees were there, — beneath the shade
Of one was made a grave;
And there to his last rest was laid
The weary and the brave.

They fired a volley o'er the bed
Of an unconscious ear;
The birds sprang fluttering overhead,
Struck with a sudden fear.

All left the ground, the bugles died
Away upon the wind;
Only the tree's green branches sighed
O'er him they left behind.

Again, all filled with light and breath,
I passed the crowded street:
O great extremes of life and death,
How strangely do ye meet!

Anonymous.

PICCADILLY.

THE sun is on the crowded street;
It kindles those old towers,
Where England's noblest memories meet,
Of old historic hours.

Vast, shadowy, dark, and indistinct,
Tradition's giant fane,
Whereto a thousand years are linked
In one electric chain.

So stands it when the morning light
First steals upon the skies,
And, shadowed by the fallen night,
The sleeping city lies.

It stands with darkness round it cast,
Touched by the first cold shine;
Vast, vague, and mighty as the past,
Of which it is the shrine.

'T is lovely when the moonlight falls
Around the sculptured stone,
Giving a softness to the walls,
Like love that mourns the gone.

Then comes the gentlest influence
The human heart can know,
The mourning over those gone hence
To the still dust below.

The smoke, the noise, the dust of day,
Have vanished from the scene;
The pale lamps gleam with spirit ray
O'er the park's sweeping green.

Sad shining on her lonely path,
The moon's calm smile above,
Seems as it lulled life's toil and wrath
With universal love.

Past that still hour, and its pale moon,
The city is alive;
It is the busy hour of noon,
When man must seek and strive.

The pressure of our actual life
Is on the waking brow;
Labor and care, endurance, strife,
These are around him now.

How wonderful the common street,
Its tumult and its throng,

The hurrying of the thousand feet
That bear life's cares along.

How strongly is the present felt,
With such a scene beside;
All sounds in one vast murmur melt
The thunder of the tide.

All hurry on, — none pause to look
Upon another's face:
The present is an open book
None read, yet all must trace.

The poor man hurries on his race,
His daily bread to find;
The rich man has yet wearier chase,
For pleasure's hard to bind.

All hurry, though it is to pass
For which they live so fast, —
What doth the present but amass
The wealth that makes the past?

The past is round us, — those old spires
That glimmer o'er our head;
Not from the present is their fires,
Their light is from the dead.

But for the past the present's powers
Were waste of toil and mind
But for those long and glorious hours
Which leave themselves behind.

Anonymous.

PALL MALL.

MY little friend, so small and neat,
Whom years ago I used to meet
In Pall Mall daily;
How cheerily you tript away
To work, — it might have been to play,
You tript so gayly.

And Time trips too. This moral means
You then were midway in the teens
That I was crowning;
We never spoke, but when I smiled
At morn or eve, I know, dear child,
You were not frowning.

Each morning when we met, I think
Some sentiment did us two link,
Nor joy nor sorrow;
And then at eve, experience-taught,
Our hearts returned upon the thought, —
We meet to-morrow!

And you were poor; and how? — and why?
How kind to come, it was for my
Especial grace meant!
Had you a chamber near the stars,
A bird, — some treasured plants in jars,
About your casement?

I often wander up and down,
When morning bathes the silent town
In golden glory;

Perhaps, unwittingly, I 've heard
Your thrilling-toned canary-bird
From some third story.

I 've seen great changes since we met;
A patient little seamstress yet,
With small means striving,
Have you a Liliputian spouse?
And do you dwell in some doll's house?
Is baby thriving?

My heart grows chill; can bloom like thine
Have past from this dear world of mine
To one far meeter?
To one whose promised joys are worth
The best, and more, of Mother Earth,
And is it sweeter?

Sometimes I to Pall Mall repair,
And see the damsels passing there;
But if I try to
Obtain one glance, they look discreet,
As though they 'd some one else to meet;
As have not *I* too?

Yet still I often think upon
Our many meetings, come and gone!
July — December!
Now let us make a tryst, and when,
Dear little soul, we meet again, —
The mansion is preparing, — then
Thy friend remember!

Frederick Locker.

ST. JAMES'S STREET.

ST. JAMES'S Street, of classic fame!
The finest people throng it! —
St. James's Street? I know the name!
I think I've passed along it!
Why, that 's where Sacharissa sighed
When Waller read his ditty;
Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,
And Alvanley was witty.

A famous street. It skirts the Park
Where Rogers took his pastime;
Come, gaze on fifty men of mark,
And then call up the fast time!
The *plats* at White's, the play at Crock's,
The bumpers to Miss Gunning;
The *bonhomie* of Charlie Fox,
And Selwyn's ghastly funning.

The dear old street of clubs and cribs,
As north and south it stretches,
Still smacks of Williams' pungent squibs,
And Gillray's fiercer sketches;
The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
The *mots*, the racy stories; —
The wine, the dice, — the wit, the bile,
The hate of Whigs and Tories.

At dusk, when I am strolling there,
Dim forms will rise around me;

Old Pepys creeps past me in his chair,
And Congreve's airs astound me!
And once Nell Gwynne, a frail young sprite,
Looked kindly when I met her;
I shook my head, perhaps, — but quite
Forgot to quite forget her.

The street is still a lively tomb
For rich and gay and clever;
The crops of dandies bud, and bloom,
And die as fast as ever.
Now gilded youth loves cutty-pipes,
And slang that 's rather rancid, —
It can't approach its prototypes
In tone, — or so I 've fancied.

In Brummell's day of buckle shoes,
Starch cravats, and roll collars,
They 'd fight, and woo, and bet, — and lose
Like gentlemen and scholars:
I like young men to go the pace,
I half forgive old Rapid;
These louts disgrace their name and race, —
So vicious and so vapid!

Worse times may come. *Bon ton*, alas!
Will then be quite forgotten,
And all we much revere will pass
From ripe to worse than rotten;
Rank weeds will sprout between yon stones,
And owls will roost at Boodle's,

And Echo will hurl back the tones
Of screaming Yankee Doodles.

I like the haunts, and many such,
Where wit and wealth are squandered,
The gardened mansions, just as much,
Where grace and rank have wandered, —
The spots where ladies fair and leal
First ventured to adore me! —
And something of the like I feel
For this old street before me.

Frederick Locker.

ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK.

I HOPE I 'm fond of much that 's good,
As well as much that 's gay;
I 'd like the country if I could,
I like the Park in May:
And when I ride in Rotten Row,
I wonder why they called it so.

A lively scene on turf and road,
The crowd is smartly drest:
The Ladies' Mile has overflowed,
The chairs are in request:
The nimble air, so soft and clear,
Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

I 'll halt beneath these pleasant trees
And drop my bridle-rein,

And, quite alone, indulge at ease
The philosophic vein:
I 'll moralize on all I see, —
I think it all was made for me!

Forsooth, and on a nicer spot
The sunbeam never shines;
Young ladies here can talk and trot
With statesmen and divines:
Could I have chosen, I 'd have been
A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean!

What grooms! what gallant gentlemen!
What well-appointed hacks!
What glory in their pace, — and then
What beauties on their backs!
My Pegasus would never flag
If weighted as my lady's nag.

But where is now that courtly troop
Who once rode laughing by?
I miss the curls of Cantilupe,
The smile of Lady Di:
They all could laugh from night to morn,
And Time has laughed them all to scorn.

I then could frolic in the van
With dukes and dandy earls;
I then was thought a nice young man
By rather nice young girls;
I've half a mind to join Miss Browne,
And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no! I'll linger here awhile,
And dream of days of yore;
For me bright eyes have lost the smile,
The sunny smile they wore: —
Perhaps they say, what I 'll allow,
That I 'm not quite so handsome now.

Frederick Locker.

REGENT STREET.

I.

HEAVENS! what a scene of splendor and of dash!
What seeming maze, and yet what perfect order!
We feel as if upon destruction's border
The crowd were treading; we have seen the flash,
And, breathless, look, expecting the loud crash;
Yet all moves on harmonious as the spheres:
Coach, chariot, cab appears and disappears,
And prancing horseman with gay plume and sash;
The lumbering dray with horses huge, the van,
And omnibuses, — count them if you can!
Heavens, what a sight! and yet to ponder well,
The scene has less of grandeur than of gloom,
For, viewed aright, what is this spectacle?
What but a vast procession to the tomb?

II.

AWAY with all the tales good men devise
(Good easy men, to their kind feelings dupes)
Of holes and hovels in which misery troops!
Away with all statistics, — they are lies!

Can man misdoubt the witness of his eyes, —
Believe that poverty and suffering dwell
Where old and young are streaming on pell-mell
To Circe's temple, eager votaries?
It cannot be that mitred heads can loll
In cushioned chariots, drawn by pampered steeds;
That woman, who her tears can scarce control
At Misery's tale, such flaunting follies heeds,
While thousands, near, are pining with disease,
Whom one kind look of sympathy would ease!

James Cochrane.

TEMPLE BAR.

ONCE more I greet thee, Temple Bar,
That hast so often from afar
Risen amid my dreams;
When avalanches round me roared,
Or where the Tagus, sunlit, poured
Its stately golden streams;

And where, above the torrent-bed,
The Alp-peaks flushed with rosy red
The sunset dyes arrayed;
And where, below on lily banks,
The half-wild goats in straggling ranks
Fed, leaped, or, butting, played;

And even where Niagara roared,
And, like a final deluge, poured
Majestically calm;

And where arose the Pyramid,
At starry twilight almost hid,
And waved the lonely palm.

Well I remember all thy ways,
The glimmering, horny light that plays
Around thy window-panes;
Thy posture-making kings, and she
Who brought proud Spain upon his knee,
And still up yonder reigns.

No grinning traitors' heads on poles
Strike terror now to Tory souls,
(Thank God, those days are altered!)
A statesman now may lose his head
Many a year before he 's dead,
Long ere his last word 's faltered.

How often, like a furnace mouth,
I 've seen in days of summer drouth
The archway flaming red
With sunset crimsons fold on fold,
That turned the Strand to burning gold,
Then darkened overhead.

And on how many a fairy night
I 've seen the sprinkling silver light
Transmute thy royalty;
Invest thy kings with saintly gleams,
Crowning with halo of moonbeams
Thy transient majesty.

Few burly Doctor Johnsons now
At midnight bend their chiding brow
On Boswells reeling home;
Nor Goldsmith curses German kings,
And wishes, among other things,
For Chevalier from Rome.

Yes, Chatterton has lingered here,
Gazing upon a sky, dark, drear,
Holding his bated breath;
While moonshine blanched the windowed arch,
That howling, bitter night in March,
He pondered upon death.

Still, luckless Chattertons, alas!
Through this dark gate of time will pass,
Forced by their cruel star;
And many Boswells, Johnson-led,
Will pass through you when I am dead,
To heavens that lie afar.

Great arch of Time's swift rolling river,
It makes my blood in ague shiver,
To think how fast life 's flowing;
And how our little frail canoes,
No bigger than a giant's shoes,
Sink ere we know they 're going.

Walter Thornbury.

THE NOVEMBER FOG OF LONDON.

FIRST, at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashy gray;
Then deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapor importunate and dense
It wars at once with every sense.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull, unwonted sound.
Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,
The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads the pole.
Scarce an eclipse with pall so dun
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town; behold, the smoke,
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges,
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends rejected from the skies;
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.

Henry Luttrel.

London Taverns.

TAVERN SIGNS.

I 'M amused at the signs,
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture, —
A Magpie and Crown,
The Whale and the Crow,
The Razor and Hen,
The Leg and Seven Stars,
The Scissors and Pen,
The Axe and the Bottle,
The Tun and the Lute,
The Eagle and Child,
The Shovel and Boot.

British Apollo, 1707.

THE TABARD INN.

BEFELLE, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.

And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and browse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story, —
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

John Keats.

THE SUN, THE DOG, THE TRIPLE TUN.

ODE TO BEN JONSON.

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun:
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

Robert Herrick.

THE MERMAID.

WHAT things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; that when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past, — wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
(Right witty, though but downright fools) more wise.

Francis Beaumont.

THE RED LION, DRURY LANE.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt and Parson's black champagne
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretched beneath a rug.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE COCK.

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'T is five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port:
But let it not be such as that
You set before chance-comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse,
But may she still be kind,
And whisper lovely words, and use
Her influence on the mind,
To make me write my random rhymes,
Ere they be half forgotten;
Nor add and alter, many times,
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips
Her laurel in the wine,
And lays it thrice upon my lips,
These favored lips of mine;
Until the charm have power to make
New lifeblood warm the bosom,
And barren commonplaces break
In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board;
Her gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the master-chord
Of all I felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Through many an hour of summer suns,
By many pleasant ways,
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days:
I kiss the lips I once have kissed;
The gas-light wavers dimmer;
And softly, through a vinous mist,
My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth and wit and sense,
Unboding critic-pen,
Or that eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men,
Who hold their hands to all, and cry
For that which all deny them, —
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,
And all the world go by them.

Ah yet, though all the world forsake,
Though fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.

Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;
  There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
  All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes;
  If old things, there are new;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
  Yet glimpses of the true.
Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,
  We lack not rhymes and reasons,
As on this whirligig of Time
  We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid;
  With fair horizons bound:
This whole wide earth of light and shade
  Comes out, a perfect round.
High over roaring Temple Bar,
  And, set in Heaven's third story,
I look at all things as they are,
  But through a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honored by the guest
  Half-mused or reeling ripe,
The pint you brought me was the best
  That ever came from pipe.
But though the port surpasses praise,
  My nerves have dealt with stiffer.
Is there some magic in the place?
  Or do my peptics differ?

For since I came to live and learn,
No pint of white or red
Had ever half the power to turn
This wheel within my head,
Which bears a seasoned brain about,
Unsubject to confusion,
Though soaked and saturate, out and out,
Through every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,
With many kinsmen gay,
Where long and largely we carouse
As who shall say me nay:
Each month, a birthday coming on,
We drink defying trouble,
Or sometimes two would meet in one,
And then we drank it double;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,
Had relish fiery-new;
Or, elbow-deep in sawdust, slept,
As old as Waterloo;
Or stowed (when classic Canning died)
In musty bins and chambers,
Had cast upon its crusty side
The gloom of ten Decembers.

The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is!
She answered to my call,
She changes with that mood or this,
Is all-in-all to all:

She lit the spark within my throat,
To make my blood run quicker,
Used all her fiery will, and smote
Her life into the liquor.

And hence this halo lives about
The waiter's hands, that reach
To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.
He looks not like the common breed
That with the napkin dally;
I think he came, like Ganymede,
From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg
Than modern poultry drop,
Stept forward on a firmer leg,
And crammed a plumper crop;
Upon an ampler dunghill trod,
Crowed lustier late and early,
Sipt wine from silver, praising God,
And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,
Till in a court he saw
A something-pottle-bodied boy,
That knuckled at the taw:
He stooped and clutched him, fair and good,
Flew over roof and casement:
His brothers of the weather stood
Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe, and spire,
And followed with acclaims,
A sign to many a staring shire,
Came crowing over Thames.
Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,
Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fixed forever at the door,
And one became head-waiter.

But whither would my fancy go?
How out of place she makes
The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks!
'T is but a steward of the can,
One shade more plump than common;
As just and mere a serving-man
As any, born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me down
Into the common day?
Is it the weight of that half-crown
Which I shall have to pay?
For, something duller than at first,
Nor wholly comfortable,
I sit (my empty glass reversed),
And thrumming on the table:

Half fearful that, with self at strife,
I take myself to task;
Lest of the fulness of my life
I leave an empty flask:

For I had hope, by something rare,
To prove myself a poet:
But, while I plan and plan, my hair
Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gathered up;
The truth, that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup:
And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone!
We know not what we know.
But for my pleasant hour, 't is gone,
'T is gone, and let it go.
'T is gone: a thousand such have slipt
Away from my embraces,
And fallen into the dusty crypt
Of darkened forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went
Long since, and came no more;
With peals of genial clamor sent
From many a tavern-door,
With twisted quirks and happy hits,
From misty men of letters;
The tavern-hours of mighty wits, —
Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the poet's words and looks
  Had yet their native glow:
Nor yet the fear of little books
  Had made him talk for show;
But, all his vast heart sherris-warmed,
  He flashed his random speeches;
Ere days, that deal in ana, swarmed
  His literary leeches.

So mix forever with the past,
  Like all good things on earth!
For should I prize thee, couldst thou last,
  At half thy real worth?
I hold it good, good things should pass:
  With time I will not quarrel:
It is but yonder empty glass
  That makes me maudlin-moral.

Head-waiter of the chop-house here,
  To which I most resort,
I too must part: I hold thee dear
  For this good pint of port.
For this, thou shalt from all things suck
  Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And, wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
  Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from hence,
  The sphere thy fate allots:
Thy latter days increased with pence
  Go down among the pots:

Thou battenest by the greasy gleam
In haunts of hungry sinners,
Old boxes, larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners.

We fret, we fume, would shift our skins,
Would quarrel with our lot;
Thy care is, under polished tins,
To serve the hot-and-hot;
To come and go, and come again,
Returning like the pewit,
And watched by silent gentlemen,
That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head
The thick-set hazel dies;
Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread
The corners of thine eyes:
Live long, nor feel in head or chest
Our changeful equinoxes,
Till mellow Death, like some late guest,
Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease
To pace the gritted floor,
And, laying down an unctuous lease
Of life, shalt earn no more;
No carvéd cross-bones, the types of Death,
Shall show thee past to heaven:
But carvéd cross-pipes, and, underneath,
A pint-pot, neatly graven.

Alfred Tennyson.

London Tower.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

METHOUGHT that I had broken from the Tower
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England.
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept
(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

* * * * *

I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownéd Warwick,
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howléd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

William Shakespeare.

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES.

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshéd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children, in their death's sad story.

"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes. —
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind;
But, oh! the Devil — " there the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on, — "We smotheréd
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

William Shakespeare.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here 's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We 'll set Trelawny free!

"We 'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay, —
With one and all, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
Here 's men as good as you.

"Trelawny he 's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here 's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"

Robert Stephen Hawker.

LORD STRAFFORD'S MEDITATIONS IN THE TOWER.

GO, empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone,
In sweet sad silence to bemoan
The fickle worldly height,
Whose danger none can see aright,
Whilst your false splendors dim his sight.

Go, and ensnare
With your trim ware
Some other easy wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light;

Rain on his head a shower
Of honors, favor, wealth, and power;
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause;
Let him not fear all-curbing laws,
Nor king, nor people's frown;
But dream of something like a crown,
Then, climbing towards it, tumble down.

Let him appear
In his bright sphere
Like Cynthia in her pride,
With starlike troops on every side;
For number and clear light
Such as may soon o'erwhelm him quite,
And blend them both in one dead night.

Welcome, sad night,
Grief's sole delight,
Thy mourning best agrees
With honor's funeral obsequies!
In Thetis' lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too much sunshine dims his eyes.

Was he too bold,
Who needs would hold
With curbing reins the Day,
And make Sol's fiery steeds obey?

Then, sure, as rash was I,
Who with ambitious wings did fly
In Charles's Wain too loftily.

I fall, I fall!
Whom shall I call?
Alas! can he be heard,
Who now is neither loved nor feared?
You who have vowed the ground
To kiss, where my blest steps were found,
Come, catch me at my last rebound.

How each admires
Heaven's twinkling fires,
Whilst from their glorious seat
Their influence gives light and heat;
But O, how few there are,
Though danger from the act be far,
Will run to catch a falling star.

Now 't is too late
To imitate
Those lights whose pallidness
Argues no inward guiltiness;
Their course one way is bent;
Which is the cause there 's no dissent
In Heaven's High Court of Parliament.

Anonymous.

THE BURDEN OF LONDON.

LONDON! thou more than Tyre a thousand-fold,
Who will take up the burden against thee?
Wilt thou too fall, Queen City of the Sea?
Will all the bullion thy vast coffers hold
Under the Northern waves one day be rolled,
And from thee stand far off the merchant-ships
As from that city in the Apocalypse?
Art thou the mighty city there foretold?
But what say these, so busy yet so proud,
With the hard features of Ezekiel's race,
Who, like their fathers in the Tyrian crowd,
Mingle yet mix not, while their elders pace
Back-streets with frowsy bags and guttural cry?
Do they of worn-out England prophesy?

Henry Sewell Stokes.

Longleat.

JOHN OF PADUA.

A LEGEND OF LONGLEAT.

LONGLEAT, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, situated on the borders of Wiltshire, is a beautiful example of the Italian architecture of the Elizabethan age. It took some forty years in building, cost a fabulous sum of money, and was the work of John, an architect of Padua, who also built old Somerset House.

JOHN of Padua duly came,
A grave wise man with a dark pale face,
He sat him down with a pondering brow,

And rule and compass to plan and trace
Each door and window, and terrace and wall,
And the tower that should rise to crown them all.

Ha! many a summer sunrise found
Wise John at his great and patient toil,
At his squares and circles, and legends and lines,
And many a night he burnt the oil,
Till the house with its pillared porch began
To slowly grow in the brain of that man.

Long lines of sunny southern wall,
With mullioned windows, row on row,
And balustrades, and parapets,
Where the western wind should wildly blow;
And cresting all the vanes, to burn
And glisten over miles of fern.

When thirteen Junes had burnt away,
The house arose as out of a dream:
Wide and stately, and tall and fair,
With windows to catch the sunset gleam;
Fifteen fair miles of subject lands
Girdle it round where it proudly stands.

Two hundred feet of western front,
And chapel and turret, and acres of roof,
And porch, and staircase, and welcoming hall,
And gate that would keep no beggar aloof;
Three kings had died since it began,
And John had grown old and pale and wan.

One day the builder smiling sat,
  His red-lined parchments slowly rolled,
His work was ended, — the night had come, —
  He bound and numbered them, fold by fold;
And sat as gravely in the sun,
As if his toil had scarce begun.

Yes, there his life's work stately stood,
  With its shining acres of beaten lead,
Its glittering windows, row on row,
  That centuries hence, when he was dead,
Should shine as they were shining then, —
A landmark unto other men.

And there were the long white terraces,
  And the great wide porch, like an open hand
Stretched out to welcome, and the tower
  That rose like a fountain o'er the land;
And the great elms bosoming round the walls,
  The singing-birds' green citadels.

They found him there when daybreak came,
  In the selfsame posture, selfsame place,
But the plans had dropped from his thin wan hands,
  A frozen smile was on his face;
And when they spoke no word he said,
For John of Padua sat there — dead!

Walter Thornbury.

Lorton Vale.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore:
Not loath to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
Nor uninformed with fantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane; — a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially, — beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes

May meet at noontide, — Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight; Death the skeleton
And Time the shadow, — there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

William Wordsworth.

Lowther.

LOWTHER.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien:
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the sword
Of ancient honor; whence that goodly state
Of polity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
Fall if ye must, ye towers and pinnacles,
With what ye symbolize; authentic story
Will say ye disappeared with England's glory!

William Wordsworth.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN LADY LONSDALE'S ALBUM, AT LOWTHER CASTLE.

SOMETIMES in youthful years,
When in some ancient ruin I have stood,
Alone and musing, till with quiet tears
I felt my cheeks bedewed,
A melancholy thought hath made me grieve
For this our age, and humbled me in mind,
That it should pass away, and leave
No monuments behind.

Not for themselves alone
Our fathers lived; nor with a niggard hand
Raised they the fabrics of enduring stone,
Which yet adorn the land:
Their piles, memorials of the mighty dead,
Survive them still, majestic in decay;
But ours are like ourselves, I said,
The creatures of a day.

With other feelings now,
Lowther! have I beheld thy stately walls,
Thy pinnacles, and broad, embattled brow,
And hospitable halls.
The sun those wide-spread battlements shall crest,
And silent years unharming shall go by,
Till centuries in their course invest
Thy towers with sanctity.

But thou the while shalt bear
To after-times an old and honored name,
And to remote posterity declare
Thy founder's virtuous fame.
Fair structure, worthy the triumphant age
Of glorious England's opulence and power!
Peace be thy lasting heritage,
And happiness thy dower!

Robert Southey.

Lyme Regis.

AT LYME REGIS.

CALM, azure, marble sea,
As a fair palace pavement largely spread,
Where the gray bastions of the eternal hills
Lean over languidly,
Bosomed with leafy trees, and garlanded!

Peace is on all I view;
Sunshine and peace; earth clear as heaven one hour;
Save where the sailing cloud its dusky line
Ruffles along the blue,
Brushed by the soft wing of the silent shower.

In no profounder calm
Did the great Spirit over ocean brood,
Ere the first hill his yet unclouded crest
Reared, or the first fair palm
Doubled her maiden beauty in the flood.

* * * * *

Francis Turner Palgrave.

Lynn.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'T WAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran, —
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;

So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean
And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took, —
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook, —
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read, —
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance, —
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain, —

Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
And lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod;
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain, —
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme, —
Woe, woe, unutterable woe, —
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong, —
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife, —
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame; —
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,

The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned, — the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice, — the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream, —
The sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:
My gentle boy, remember! this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime;
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time, —
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime, —

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave!

Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave, —
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accurséd pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began, —
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there, —
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep, —
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he 's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh, —
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again, — again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn

Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

Thomas Hood.

Malmesbury.

RESTORATION OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

MONASTIC and time-consecrated fane!
Thou hast put on thy shapely state again,
Almost august as in thy early day,
Ere ruthless Henry rent thy pomp away.
No more the mass on holidays is sung,
The Host high raised or fuming censer swung;
No more, in amice white, the Fathers slow
With lighted tapers in long order go;
Yet the tall window lifts its archéd height,
As to admit heaven's pale but purer light;
Those massy clustered columns, whose long rows,
Even at noonday, in shadowy pomp repose
Amid the silent sanctity of death,
Like giants seem to guard the dust beneath.
Those roofs re-echo (though no altars blaze)
The prayer of penitence, the hymn of praise;
Whilst meek religion's self, as with a smile,
Reprints the tracery of the holy pile,
Worthy its guest, the temple. What remains?
O mightiest Master! thy immortal strains

These roofs demand; listen! with prelude slow,
Solemnly sweet, yet full, the organs blow.
And hark! again, heard ye the choral chant
Peal through the echoing arches, jubilant?
More softly now, imploring litanies,
Wafted to heaven, and mingling with the sighs
Of penitence, from yonder altar rise;
Again the vaulted roof "Hosannahs" rings, —
"Hosannah! Lord of lords, and King of kings"!
Rent, but not prostrate; stricken, yet sublime;
Reckless alike of injuries or time;
Thou, unsubdued in silent majesty,
The tempest hast defied, and shalt defy!
The temple of our Sion so shall mock
The muttering storm, the very earthquake's shock,
Founded, O Christ, on thy eternal rock!

William Lisle Bowles.

Maltby.

THE MALTBY YEWS.

FAMED Maltby yews, with trunks like stone!
Are you or these gray rocks the older?
Like "death-in-life," ye strangely grow,
And, dead alive, they sternly moulder.
Memorials grand of death and life,
That seem from time new life to borrow!
Full many a race have ye outlived
Of men whose lives were crime and sorrow.

Age after age, while Time grew old,
Your writhen boughs here slowly lengthened;
Storm-stricken trees! your stormy strength
Five hundred years have darkly strengthened.
Yet safe beneath your mighty roots
The busy bee hath made its dwelling;
And, at your feet, the little mouse,
With lifted hands, its joy is telling.

And high above the full-voiced lark
The sun, that loves to see you, beameth
On lonely rock or mossy trunk,
That with the rock coeval seemeth;
While, all around, the desert flowers,
Where breezes drink their freshness, gather,
As children come to kneel and bend
In prayer around their father's father.

O, could I write upon your gloom
A solemn verse that would not perish,
My written thoughts should warn and bless,
And nations saved the precept cherish;
For I would bid the dark and strong
Be greatly good, and daily stronger,
That power to wrong, and will to wrong,
Like fiends divorced, might pair no longer.

Ebenezer Elliott.

Malvern.

AT MALVERN.

I SHALL behold far off thy towering crest,
Proud mountain! from thy heights as slow I stray
Down through the distant vale my homeward way,
I shall behold upon thy rugged breast
The parting sun sit smiling: me the while
Escaped the crowd, thoughts full of heaviness
May visit, as life's bitter losses press
Hard on my bosom; but I shall beguile
The thing I am, and think that even as thou
Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
Proud mountain! whilst the scattered vapors fly
Unheeded round thy breast, so, with calm brow,
The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear
The smile unchanged of peace, though pressed by care!

William Lisle Bowles.

MALVERN HILLS.

ERE WHILE I saw ye faintly through far haze
Spread many miles above the fields of sea;
Now ye rise glorious, and my steps are free
To wander through your valleys' beaten ways,
And climb above, threading the rocky maze;
And trace this stream alive with shifting light,
With whose successive eddies silver-bright
Not without pleasant sound the moonbeam plays.

My dear, dear bride, two days had made thee mine,
Two days of waxing hope and waning fear,
When under the night-planet's lavish shine
We stood in joy, and blessed that rillet clear;
Such joy unwarning comes and quickly parts,
But lives deep-rooted in our "heart of hearts."

Henry Alford.

Margate.

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy; I said, "What make you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy";
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy, — he deemed I meant to scoff, —
And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off."
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose, —
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man? — it 's striking, nine," I said,
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will
scold, — O fie!
It 's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and
cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbbed with agony, — he cried like any-
thing!
I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him
murmur, — "Ah!
I have n't got no supper, and I have n't got no Ma!

"My father, he is on the seas, — my mother 's dead
and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world
alone;
I have not had this livelong day one drop to cheer
my heart,
Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with, — let alone
a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in
employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vul-
gar Boy;)
"And now I 'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed
intent
To jump as Mr. Levi did from off the Monument!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man, — cheer up!" I
kindly said,
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your
head;

If you should jump from off the pier you 'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck, — then Bogey 'd have you, sure as eggs is eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones, — we must not keep her up, —
There 's roast potatoes at the fire, — enough for me and you, —
Come home, you little vulgar Boy, — I lodge at No. 2."

I took him home to No. 2, the house beside "The Foy,"
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes, — that little vulgar Boy, —
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X."

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the delf,
Said I "might go to Jericho, and fetch the beer myself."

I did not go to Jericho, — I went to Mr. Cobb, —
I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a Bob), —
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child, —
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about, — I gazed on stool
and chair, —
I could not see my little friend, because he was not
there!
I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa too, —
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why what's become
of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons, — I looked, but could
not see
The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I'm at tea;
I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver watch, — O
dear!
I knew 't was on the mantelpiece when I went out
for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh, — it was not to be seen!
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed and
lined with green;
My carpet-bag, — my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce
and soy, —
My roast potatoes! — all are gone! — and so 's that
vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below.
"O Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think? ain't this a pretty
go?
That little horrid vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-
night
He 's stolen my things and run away!" Says she,
"And sarve you right!"

Next morning I was up betimes, — I sent the Crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;
But when the Crier cried, "O yes!" the people cried "O no!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-Place," the glory of the town,
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down,
I told my tale, — he seemed to think I'd not been treated well,
And called me "Poor old Buffer!" — what that means I cannot tell.

The Sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
A son of — something — 't was a name I'd never heard before, —
A little "gallows-looking chap," — dear me, what could he mean? —
With a "carpet-swab," and "mucking-togs," and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer," —
It 's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer;
And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use, —
It 's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
He 'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away
In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed "some*wheres*" about the shore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap, — he 's been upon the Mill, —
And 'cause he 'gammons' so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"
He said "he 'd done me werry brown," and nicely "*stowed* the *swag*."
That 's French, I fancy, for a hat, or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back."
I answered, "To be sure I do! — it 's what I 'm come about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know you 're out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I 'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who 'd "done me brown."
His Lordship very kindly said he 'd try and find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whitehare there, and I described "the swag,"
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ,
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

MORAL.

Remember, then, that when a boy I've heard my Grandma tell,
"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be blowed!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!

Richard Harris Barham.

Marston Moor.

MARSTON MOOR.

HOT Rupert came spurring to Marston Moor;
Praise we the Lord!
Came spurring hard with thousands a score:
Praise we the Lord!
Beleaguered York, that we lay before,
He knew would be ours ere a week was o'er,
So to scatter our hosts he fiercely swore.
To the Lord our God be glory!

To Newcastle's succor he swore to come;
Praise we the Lord!
And at morning we heard his march's hum;
Praise we the Lord!
And with blare of trumpet and roll of drum,
Into York, in their pride, did the scorners come;
But to-night are the cursing lips not dumb?
To the Lord our God be glory!

God gave them to drink of pride, we knew,
Praise we the Lord!
That his saints his wrath on their hosts might do;
Praise we the Lord!
He bade us flee, that they might pursue:
So from trench and leaguer straight off we drew,
But we halted on Marston Moor anew;
To the Lord our God be glory!

There, biding pursuit, stood our long array,
Praise we the Lord!
While slow hours came and passed away;
Praise we the Lord!
"They will not come to the strife to-day,"
We said, and southwards our march then lay,
But the Lord had doomed them that hour our prey;
To the Lord our God be glory!

But Leslie's regiments had left the ground,
Praise we the Lord!
When the fierce Prince bade his trumpets sound;
Praise we the Lord!
Then was spurring and running and fronts faced round.
Upon us they came, with the burst and sound
Of tempests; but ready his own they found;
To the Lord our God be glory!

Then the shot of their guns through our stilled ranks tore;
Praise we the Lord!
Then a pause and a hush fell on the war;
Praise we the Lord!
Then their squadrons thickened, and down once more
Came Rupert and Hell with a rush and a roar,
More fierce and fell than they came before;
To the Lord our God be glory!

With Leslie and Fairfax the saints were few;
Praise we the Lord!
Not theirs the hearts that our God well knew;
Praise we the Lord!

Vessels uncleansed, what would they do!
The godless had ridden them through and through;
The accurséd slay and slay and pursue;
To the Lord our God be glory!

Not so, O Lord, was it with thine own;
Praise we the Lord!
To us were thy truth and mercy shown;
Praise we the Lord!
Through our closed-up ranks were our trumpets blown;
Then no shout, but a deep psalm rose alone,
And we knew that our God would his might make known.
To his holy name be glory!

And Cromwell, his servant, spoke the word;
Praise we the Lord!
"On! smite for the Lord! spare not!" we heard;
Praise we the Lord!
Hotly our spirits within us stirred;
Reins were loosened and flanks were spurred,
And the heathen went down before God and his word.
To his name alone be the glory!

Lo, the bow of the Lord was strung this day;
Praise we the Lord!
And the arm of our God was strong to slay;
Praise we the Lord!
He gave us the proud ones for a prey;
He chased the mighty from out our way;
He gave us the high ones low to lay.
To the Lord alone be the glory!

Where are ye, ye noble and ye proud?
Praise we the Lord!
Where are ye who cried 'gainst his saints aloud?
Praise we the Lord!
The great of the earth in death are bowed;
They who vaunted their strength his breath has cowed;
Bloody they lie, where the kite screams loud.
To the Lord our God be glory!

Lo, the Lord, our helper, hath heard our cries;
Praise we the Lord!
He hath raised the foolish and shamed the wise;
Praise we the Lord!
In him our rock and our sure hope lies;
To him shall the cry of his servants rise;
Woe to them who his chosen dare despise!
To the Lord our God be glory!

Ho! Baal-priests, did we cry in vain?
Praise we the Lord!
He shall break ye, ye sons of Dagon, again;
Praise we the Lord!
He shall winnow the chaff from the priceless grain;
He shall skim the pot till no dross remain;
And the Lord our God and his saints shall reign!
To the Lord alone be glory!

William C. Bennett.

Matlock.

MONODY WRITTEN AT MATLOCK.

MATLOCK! amid thy hoary-hanging views,
Thy glens that smile sequestered, and thy nooks
Which yon forsaken crag all dark o'erlooks,
Once more I court the long-neglected Muse,
As erst when by the mossy brink and falls
Of solitary Wainsbeck, or the side
Of Clysdale's cliffs, where first her voice she tried,
I strayed a pensive boy. Since then, the thralls
That wait life's upland road have chilled her breast,
And much, as much they might, her wing depressed.
Wan Indolence, resigned, her deadening hand
Laid on her heart, and Fancy her cold wand
Dropped at the frown of fortune; yet once more
I call her, and once more her converse sweet,
Mid the still limits of this wild retreat,
I woo; — if yet delightful as of yore
My heart she may revisit, nor deny
The soothing aid of some sweet melody!
I hail the rugged scene that bursts around;
I mark the wreathéd roots, the saplings gray,
That bend o'er the dark Derwent's wandering way;
I mark its stream with peace-persuading sound
That steals beneath the fading foliage pale,
Or at the foot of frowning crags upreared,
Complains like one forsaken and unheard.

To me, it seems to tell the pensive tale
Of spring-time, and the summer days all flown:
And while sad autumn's voice even now I hear
Along the umbrage of the high-wood moan,
At intervals, whose shivering leaves fall sere;
Whilst o'er the group of pendant groves I view
The slowly spreading tints of pining hue,
I think of poor humanity's brief day,
How fast its blossoms fade, its summers speed away!

* * * * *

Yet the bleak cliffs that lift their head so high
(Around whose beetling crags with ceaseless coil
And still-returning flight the ravens toil)
Heed not the changeful seasons as they fly,
Nor spring nor autumn; they their hoary brow
Uprear, and ages past, as in this now,
The same deep trenches unsubdued have worn,
The same majestic frown and looks of lofty scorn.

So Fortitude, a mailéd warrior old,
Appears; he lifts his scar-intrenchéd crest;
The tempest gathers round his dauntless breast;
He hears far off the storm of havoc rolled;
The feeble fall around: their sound is past;
Their sun is set, their place no more is known;
Like the wan leaves before the winter's blast,
They perish; — he unshaken and alone
Remains, his brow a sterner shade assumes
By age ennobled, whilst the hurricane
That raves resistless o'er the ravaged plain
But shakes unfelt his helmet's quivering plume.

William Lisle Bowles.

Melhuach.

MAWGAN OF MELHUACH.

'T WAS a fierce night when old Mawgan died,
Men shuddered to hear the rolling tide:
The wreckers fled fast from the awful shore,
They had heard strange voices amid the roar.

"Out with the boat there," some one cried,—
"Will he never come? we shall lose the tide:
His berth is trim and his cabin stored;
He 's a weary long time coming on board."

The old man struggled upon the bed:
He knew the words that the voices said;
Wildly he shrieked, as his eyes grew dim,
"He was dead! he was dead! when I buried him."

Hark yet again to the devilish roar,
"He was nimbler once with a ship on shore;
Come! come! old man, 't is a vain delay,
We must make the offing by break of day."

Hard was the struggle, but at the last
With a stormy pang old Mawgan passed,
And away, away, beneath their sight,
Gleamed the red sail at pitch of night.

R. S. Hawker.

Mendip Hills.

MENDIP HILLS OVER WELLS.

HOW grand beneath the feet that company
Of steep gray roofs and clustering pinnacles
Of the massy fane, brooding in majesty
Above the town that spreads among the dells!
Hark! the deep clock unrolls its voice of power;
And sweetly mellowed sound of chiming bells
Calling to prayer from out the central tower
Over the thickly timbered hollow dwells.
Meet worship-place for such a glorious stretch
Of sunny prospect, for these mighty hills,
And that dark solemn Tor,[1] and all that reach
Of bright-green meadows, laced with silver rills,
Bounded by ranges of pale blue, that rise
To where white strips of sea are traced upon the skies.

Henry Alford.

Middleton.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD AT MIDDLETON IN SUSSEX.

PRESSED by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.

[1] Glastonbury Tor.

The wild blast, rising from the western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed;
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave!
With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
Lo! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave;
They hear the warring elements no more:
While I am doomed, by life's long storm oppressed,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

Charlotte Smith.

Mongewell.

MONGEWELL.

MONGEWELL is a small and scattered village, delightfully situated on the banks of the Thames in Oxfordshire, about a mile from Wallingford.

THERE's a quiet place where I often go
When the sun is in the west,
And the evening breezes, as they blow
O'er the trees above and the lake below,
Seem sighing themselves to rest;

Where under the bank beneath the feet
There lies a hidden well;
Where the hanging boughs the waters meet,
And the moor-hen finds a safe retreat,
And the white swan loves to dwell.

For there have I heard the cuckoo's call,
And the lay of the nightingale,

The cooing of doves in the tree-tops tall,
And the distant sound of the waterfall
Come creeping up the vale.

And in the far-off haze I have seen
The slopes of the circling hill,
And, the arching boughs of the trees between,
The broad expanse of the meadows green
Lie peacefully and still.

I have seen the water smooth as glass,
Or the ripples o'er it fleet,
When the winds that move it as they pass
Bear the scent of dew-besprinkled grass
And the odor of flowers sweet.

I have watched the shades of twilight glide
Over the peaceful scene,
Till the stars stole forth on the heavens wide,
And the moonbeams fell on the tranquil tide
In floods of silver sheen.

O, there is no vale that ever I knew
That has such charms for me,
Where the earth assumes a brighter hue,
And the sky seems tinged with a deeper blue,
And the flowers more fair to see.

And still contented shall be my lot,
Whether I laugh or weep,
If, the busy cares of the world forgot,
I may visit that sweet, secluded spot,
Where the woods and waters sleep.

W. Blake Atkinson.

Morwenstow.

MORWENNA STATIO.

THE Stow, or the place, of St. Morwenna; hence, by abbreviation, Morwenstow.

MY Saxon shrine! the only ground
Wherein this weary heart hath rest;
What years the birds of God have found
Along thy walls their sacred nest:
The storm, the blast, the tempest shock,
Have beat upon those walls in vain;
She stands, — a daughter of the rock, —
The changeless God's eternal fane.

Firm was their faith, — the ancient bands,
The wise of heart in wood and stone,
Who reared with stern and trusting hands
These dark gray towers of days unknown:
They filled these aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth reveal;
The pillared arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall.

Huge, mighty, massive, hard, and strong,
Were the choice stones they lifted then:
The vision of their hope was long,
They knew their God, those faithful men.
They pitched no tent for change or death,
No home to last man's shadowy day;

There! there! the everlasting breath
Would breathe whole centuries away.

See, now, along that pillared aisle
The graven arches, firm and fair:
They bend their shoulders to the toil,
And lift the hollow roof in air.
A sign! beneath the ship we stand,
The inverted vessel's arching side;
Forsaken — when the fisher-band
Went forth to sweep a mightier tide.

Pace we the ground! our footsteps tread
A cross, — the builder's holiest form;
That awful couch where once was shed
The blood, with man's forgiveness warm.
And here, just where his mighty breast
Throbbed the last agony away,
They bade the voice of worship rest,
And white-robed Levites pause and pray.

Mark! the rich rose of Sharon's bowers
Curves in the paten's mystic mould;
The lily, lady of the flowers,
Her shape must yonder chalice hold.
Types of the mother and the son,
The twain in this dim chancel stand;
The badge of Norman banners one,
And one a crest of English land.

How all things glow with life and thought
Where'er our faithful fathers trod!

The very ground with speech is fraught,
The air is eloquent of God.
In vain would doubt or mockery hide
The buried echoes of the past;
A voice of strength, a voice of pride,
Here dwells amid the storm and blast.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell;
The solemn arches breathe in stone;
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown.
Yea, flood and breeze and battle-shock
Shall beat upon this church in vain;
She stands, — a daughter of the rock, —
The changeless God's eternal fane.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

THE STORM.

WAR mid the ocean and the land!
The battle-field Morwenna's strand,
Where rock and ridge the bulwark keep,
The giant warders of the deep.

They come! and shall they not prevail, —
The seething surge, the gathering gale?
They fling their wild flag to the breeze,
The banner of a thousand seas.

They come, they mount, they charge in vain,
Thus far, incalculable main!

No more! thine hosts have not o'erthrown
The lichen on the barrier stone.

Have the rocks faith, that thus they stand,
Unmoved, a grim and stately band,
And look, like warriors tried and brave,
Stern, silent, reckless, o'er the wave?

Have the proud billows thought and life,
To feel the glory of the strife,
And trust, one day, in battle bold,
To win the foeman's haughty hold?

Mark where they writhe with pride and shame,
Fierce valor, and the zeal of fame!
Hear how their din of madness raves,
The baffled army of the waves!

Thy way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths where awful waters be;
Thy spirit thrills the conscious stone:
O Lord, thy footsteps are not known!

Robert Stephen Hawker.

THE VINE.

HEARKEN! there is in old Morwenna's shrine,
A lonely sanctuary of the Saxon's days,
Reared by the Severn sea for prayer and praise,
Amid the carved work of the roof, a vine:
Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall,
First in the chancel, then along the wall;

Slowly it travels on, a leafy line,
With here and there a cluster, and anon
More and more grapes, until the growth hath gone
Through arch and aisle. Hearken! and heed the sign.
See at the altar side the steadfast root,
Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit:
So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,
And gather from that tree a parable divine.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

THE WELL OF ST. JOHN.

ON MORWENSTOW GLEBE.

THEY dreamed not in old Hebron, when the sound
Went through the city, that the promised son
Was born to Zachary, and his name was John, —
They little thought that here in this far ground,
Beside the Severn sea, that Hebrew child
Would be a cherished memory of the wild;
Here, where the pulses of the ocean bound
Whole centuries away, while one meek cell,
Built by the fathers o'er a lonely well,
Still breathes the Baptist's sweet remembrance round:
A spring of silent waters with his name,
That from the angel's voice in music came,
Here in the wilderness so faithful found,
It freshens to this day the Levite's grassy mound.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Muston.

THE STREAMLET.

CAN scenes like these withdraw thee from thy wood
Thy upland forest or thy valley's flood?
Seek then thy garden's shrubby bound, and look,
As it steals by, upon the bordering brook;
That winding streamlet, limpid, lingering, slow,
Where the reeds whisper when the zephyrs blow;
Where in the midst, upon her throne of green,
Sits the large lily as the water's queen;
And makes the current, forced awhile to stay,
Murmur and bubble as it shoots away.

George Crabbe.

Naseby.

NASEBY.

O, WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore do your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence are the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billow on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his trumpets and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close your ranks!
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here, — they rush on — we are broken — we are gone —
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound, — the centre hath given ground.
But hark! what means this trampling of horsemen in the rear?
What banner do I see, boys? 'T is he! thank God! 't is he, boys!
Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads are stooping low, their pikes all in a row:
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestinéd to rot on Temple Bar.
And he, — he turns! he flies! shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho, comrades, scour the plain, and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make the quest secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts
were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the
rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven
and hell and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your
oaths?
Your stage-plays and your sonnets? your diamonds and
your spades?

Down! down! forever down, with the mitre and the
crown!
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the
Pope!
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham
stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's
ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall tremble when they
hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses
and the Word!

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Nether Stowey.

NETHER STOWEY.

A GREEN and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal cornfield, or the unripe flax,
When through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
O, 't is a quiet, spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who in his youthful years
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt

In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

* * * * *

But now the gentle dewfall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recalled
From bodings that have wellnigh wearied me
I find myself upon the brow, and pause,
Startled! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main
Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy fields, seems like society, —
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful that by nature's quietness

And solitary musings all my heart
Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human-kind.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

AN EVENING IN AUTUMN, NEAR NETHER STOWEY, SOMERSET.

HOW soothing is that sound of far-off wheels
Under the golden sheen of the harvest-moon!
In the shade-checkered road it half reveals
A homeward-wending group, with hearts in tune
To thankful merriment; — father and boy,
And maiden with her gleanings on her head;
And the last wagon's rumble heard with joy
In the kitchen with the ending-supper spread.
But while I listening stand, the sound hath ceased;
And hark, from many voices lustily
The harvest-home, the prelude to the feast,
In measured bursts is pealing loud and high;
Soon all is still again beneath the bright
Full moon, that guides me home this autumn night.

Henry Alford.

Netley Abbey.

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALLEN pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the winds slow wafted from the main,
Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once majestic in their prime
Stood smiling at decay, till, bowed by time
Or injury, their early boast forgot,
They may have fallen like thee! Pale and forlorn,
Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
They lift, still unsubdued, as they would scorn
This short-lived scene of vanity and woe;
Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
The trace of creeping age, and the pale hue of care!

William Lisle Bowles.

NETLEY ABBEY.

IN Netley Abbey, — on the neighboring isle,
The woods of Binstead shade as fair a pile, —
Where sloping meadows fringe the shores with green,
A river of the ocean rolls between,
Whose murmurs, borne on sunny winds, disport
Through oriel windows and a cloistered court;
O'er hills so fair, o'er terraces so sweet,
The sea comes twice each day to kiss their feet; —

Where sounding caverns mine the garden bowers,
Where groves intone, where many an ilex towers,
And many a fragrant breath exhales from fruits and flowers; —
And lowing herds and feathered warblers there
Make mystic concords with repose and prayer;
Mixed with the hum of apiaries near,
The mill's far cataract, and the sea-boy's cheer,
Whose oars beat time to litanies at noon,
Or hymns at complin by the rising moon;
Where, after chimes, each chapel echoes round
Like one aerial instrument of sound,
Some vast harmonious fabric of the Lord's.

Nicholas Thirning Moile.

Nettlestead.

VERSES ON THE GATEWAY STILL STANDING AT NETTLESTEAD, SUFFOLK.

THOU art noble yet, for thy ruins recall
The remembrance of vanished glory;
And Time, which has levelled the ancient hall,
Still spares thee to tell of its story.

O'er thy crumbling arch the sculptured shield,
In spite of spoil's bereavement,
Is left as a relic, on which are revealed
The insignia of a bold achievement.

When first they were graven, to honor's eye
Their emblazonment shone forth brightly;
But now the rustic passes them by,
And thinks of their legend lightly.

It boots but little. To rise, and fall,
And leave but a wreck to outlive them,
Is, as it should be, the lot of all
Who trust in what pride can give them.

There are thoughts more touching than those which rise
From pride's departed splendor;
And thine is connected with countless ties,
Which waken ideas more tender.

The heart, with its griefs, joys, hopes, and fears,
Changes little in passions and powers;
And theirs, who sojourned here in distant years,
Cherished feelings the same as ours!

For they lived, and they loved like us; and this
Was their home, in pain and pleasure;
And the best of them hoarded here their bliss,
As the miser his hidden treasure.

And now, when the trappings of glory fade,
And its sunniest heights are shrouded,
The beams of affection, that brightened its shade,
Are to Memory's eye unclouded.

To the heart, to the heart, we must turn at last,
For all that endures the longest;

Its better feelings no blight can blast,
For their strength is in storms the strongest.

But in storm or sunshine 't is theirs alone
To leave that enchantment behind them
Which gives them an influence all must own,
By Nature herself assigned them.

Thou art noble yet, thou desolate pile!
For the trophies of fame enwreathe thee;
But that fame is not worth one tear or smile
Of some who have passed underneath thee.

Bernard Barton.

Newbury.

FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY.

CALL'ST thou thyself a patriot? On this field
Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath the banners of that Charles whom thou
Abhorrest for a tyrant. Dost thou boast
Of loyalty? The field is not far off
Where, in rebellious arms against his king,
Hampden was killed, — that Hampden at whose name
The heart of many an honest Englishman
Beats with congenial pride. Both uncorrupt,
Friends to their common country both, they fought,
They died, in adverse armies. Traveller!

If with thy neighbor thou shouldst not accord,
Remember these, our famous countrymen,
And quell all angry and injurious thoughts.

Robert Southey.

New Forest.

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW FOREST.

THIS is the place where William's kingly power
Did from their poor and peaceful homes expel,
Unfriended, desolate, and shelterless,
The inhabitants of all the fertile tract
Far as these wilds extend. He levelled down
Their little cottages, he bade their fields
Lie waste, and forested the land, that so
More royally might he pursue his sports.
If that thine heart be human, Passenger!
Sure it will swell within thee, and thy lips
Will mutter curses on him. Think thou then
What cities flame, what hosts unsepulchred
Pollute the passing wind, when raging Power
Drives on his bloodhounds to the chase of Man;
And, as thy thoughts anticipate that day
When God shall judge aright, in charity
Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.

Robert Southey.

RUFUS'S TREE.

O'ER the New Forest's heath-hills bare,
Down steep ravine, by shaggy wood,
A pilgrim wandered; questing where
The relic-tree of Rufus stood.

Whence in our England's day of old,
Rushing on retribution's wing,
The arrow — so tradition told —
Glanced to the heart of tyrant-king.

Some monument he found, which spoke
What erst had happened on the spot;
But for that old avenging oak,
Decayed long since, he found it not.

Yet aye, where tyrants grind a land,
Let trees like this be found to grow;
And never may a Tyrrel's hand
Be lacking there to twang the bow!

John Kenyon.

THE RED KING.

THE King was drinking in Malwood Hall,
There came in a monk before them all;
He thrust by squire, he thrust by knight,
Stood over against the dais aright;
And, "The word of the Lord, thou cruel Red King,
The word of the Lord to thee I bring.

A grimly sweven I dreamt yestreen;
I saw thee lie under the hollins green,
And thorough thine heart an arrow keen;
And out of thy body a smoke did rise,
Which smirched the sunshine out of the skies;
So if thou God's anointed be
I rede thee unto thy soul thou see.
For mitre and pall thou hast y-sold,
False knight to Christ, for gain and gold;
And for this thy forest were digged down all,
Steading and hamlet and churches tall;
And Christés poor were ousten forth,
To beg their bread from south to north.
So tarry at home, and fast and pray,
Lest fiends hunt thee in the judgment-day."

The monk he vanished where he stood;
King William sterte up wroth and wod;
Quod he, "Fools' wits will jump together;
The Hampshire ale and the thunder weather
Have turned the brains for us both, I think;
And monks are curst when they fall to drink.
A lothly sweven I dreamt last night,
How there hoved anigh me a griesly knight,
Did smite me down to the pit of hell;
I shrieked and woke, so fast I fell.
There 's Tyrrel as sour as I, perdie,
So he of you all shall hunt with me;
A grimly brace for a hart to see."

The Red King down from Malwood came;
His heart with wine was all aflame,

His eyne were shotten, red as blood,
He rated and swore, wherever he rode.

They roused a hart, that grimly brace,
A hart of ten, a hart of grease,
Fled over against the kingés place.
The sun it blinded the kingés ee,
A fathom behind his hocks shot he:
"Shoot thou," quod he, "in the fiendés name,
To lose such a quarry were seven years' shame,"
And he hove up his hand to mark the game.
Tyrrel he shot full light, God wot;
For whether the saints they swerved the shot,
Or whether by treason, men knowen not,
But under the arm, in a secret part,
The iron fled through the kingés heart.
The turf it squelched where the Red King fell;
And the fiends they carried his soul to hell,
Quod, "His master's name it hath sped him well."

Tyrrel he smited full grim that day,
Quod "Shooting of kings is no bairns play";
And he smote in the spurs, and fled fast away.
As he pricked along by Fritham plain,
The green tufts flew behind like rain;
The waters were out, and over the sward:
He swam his horse like a stalwart lord;
Men clepen that water Tyrrel's ford.
By Rhinefield and by Osmondsleigh,
Through glade and furze-brake fast drove he,
Until he heard the roaring sea;

Quod he, "Those gay waves they call me."
By Mary's grace a seely boat
On Christchurch bar did lie afloat;
He gave the shipmen mark and groat,
To ferry him over to Normandie,
And there he fell to sanctuarie;
God send his soul all bliss to see.

And fend our princes every one,
From foul mishap and trahison;
But kings that harrow Christian men,
Shall England never bide again.

Charles Kingsley.

RHINEFIELD

A LODGE IN THE NEW FOREST.

RHINEFIELD! as through thy solitude I rove,
Now lost amid the deep wood's gloomy night,
Doubtful I trace a ray of glimmering light;
Now where some antique oak, itself a grove,
Spreads its soft umbrage o'er the sunny glade,
Stretched on its mossy roots at early dawn,
While o'er the furze with light bound leaps the fawn,
I count the herd that crops the dewy blade:
Frequent at eve list to the hum profound
That all around upon the chill breeze floats,
Broke by the lonely keeper's wild, strange notes;
At distance followed by the browsing deer;
Or the bewildered stranger's plaintive sound
That dies in lessening murmurs on the ear.

William Sotheby.

Newstead Abbey.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloistered tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide,

Hail to thy pile! more honored in thy fall,
Than modern mansions in their pillared state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band:

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordained to die,
A votive pilgrim in Judæa's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
His feudal realm in other regions lay:
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;

Or blood-stained guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl;
And superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguished clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary paid.

Years rolled on years; to ages ages yield;
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed;
Religion's charter their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy Henry reared the Gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallowed echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;
He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
To roam a dreary world in deep despair, —
No friend, no home, no refuge but their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnished arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

* * * * *

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay!
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers:
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret;
Cherished affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassioned glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.

Lord Byron.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way.

Of the mail-covered barons who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurelled wreath;
Near Askalon's Towers John of Horistan slumbers,
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the valley of Cressy;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell:
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought! how you died! still her annals can tell.

On Marston, with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty sealed.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant departing
From the seat of his ancestors bids you adieu!
Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame and that memory still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live or like you will he perish;
When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your own.

Lord Byron.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

TO Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair,
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferred a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;

And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters, — as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around; the wild-fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
Its shriller echoes — like an infant made
Quiet — sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and, thus allayed,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.
These last had disappeared, — a loss to art:
The first yet frowned superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourned the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice, — as tell
The annals of full many a line undone, —
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her blessed arms, looked round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colorings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced choir
Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is wingéd from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical, — a dying accent driven

Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall;

Others, that some original shape or form,
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
To this gray ruin, with a voice to charm.
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact; — I 've heard it, — once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint, —
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring rushed through grim mouths, of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved; the cloisters still were stable,
The cells too and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but, when combined,
Formed a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

Lord Byron.

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD.

WHAT made my heart, at Newstead, fullest swell?
'T was not the thought of Byron, of his cry
Stormily sweet, his Titan agony;
It was the sight of that Lord Arundel
Who struck, in heat, the child he loved so well,
And the child's reason flickered, and did die.
Painted (he willed it) in the gallery
They hang; the picture doth the story tell.
Behold the stern, mailed father, staff in hand!
The little fair-haired son, with vacant gaze,
Where no more lights of sense or knowledge are!
Methinks the woe which made that father stand
Baring his dumb remorse to future days
Was woe than Byron's woe more tragic far.

Matthew Arnold.

Nore, The.

THE BOY AT THE NORE.

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,
Do you come from the small Isle of Man?
Why, your history a mystery must be, —
Come tell us as much as you can,
Little Boy at the Nore!

You live, it seems, wholly on water,
Which your Gambier calls living in clover;
But how comes it, if that is the case,
You 're eternally half-seas over, —
Little Boy at the Nore?

While you ride, while you dance, while you float, —
Never mind your imperfect orthography;
But give us, as well as you can,
Your watery autobiography,
Little Boy at the Nore!

BOY AT THE NORE, LOQUITUR.

I 'M the tight little Boy at the Nore,
In a sort of sea negus I dwells;
Half and half 'twixt salt-water and Port,
I 'm reckoned the first of the swells, —
I 'm the Boy at the Nore!

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
And watches through long days and nights;
Yet, cruelly eager, men look
To catch the first glimpse of my lights, —
I 'm the Boy at the Nore.

I never gets cold in the head,
So my life on salt water is sweet;
I think I owes much of my health
To being well used to wet feet —
As the Boy at the Nore.

There 's one thing, I 'm never in debt:
Nay! — I liquidates more than I oughter;
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
In keeping the head above water,
Is the Boy at the Nore.

I 've seen a good deal of distress,
Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette;
They should do as I do, — rise o'er all;
Ay, a good floating capital get,
Like the Boy at the Nore!

I 'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
And cheers him, in deep water rolling;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
Is the Boy at the Nore!

Could I e'er but grow up, I 'd be off
For a week to make love to my wheedles;

If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
We 'd have two at the Nore!

They thinks little of sizes on water,
On big waves the tiny one skulks, —
While the river has Men of War on it, —
Yes, the Thames is oppressed with Great Hulks,
And the Boy 's at the Nore!

But I 've done, — for the water is heaving
Round my body, as though it would sink it!
And I 've been so long pitching and tossing,
That sea-sick — you 'd hardly now think it —
Is the Boy at the Nore!

Thomas Hood.

Norham Castle.

NORHAM CASTLE.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,

Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray,
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border-gathering song.

Sir Walter Scott.

Nottingham.

CLIFTON GROVE.

LO! in the west fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
Which with the dawn from yonder dingle broke;
No more, hoarse clamoring o'er the uplifted head,

The crows, assembling seek their wind-rocked bed.
Stilled is the village hum, — the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft on its hinge rebounds the jarring gate;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire;
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the laboring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin:
Now, now, my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime domain.
Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.

* * * * *

This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night,

Save when from yonder stream the sunny ray
Reflected gives a dubious gleam of day,
Recalls endearing to my altered mind
Times when beneath the boxen hedge reclined
I watched the lapwing to her clamorous brood,
Or lured the robin to its scattered food,
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response, delighted, smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congealed my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I viewed with vivid glare
The volleyed lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around reviled,
With awful pleasure big, I heard and smiled.

* * * * *

Now as I rove where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above the embracing branches meet,
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep down the cliff's impending side,
Through hanging woods now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my upland path; across the Green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The checkered glooms the moon her chaste ray sheds
Where knots of bluebells droop their graceful heads

And beds of violets blooming mid the trees
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

* * * * *

How lovely from this hill's superior height
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hills' remotest bound,
My ken is borne, while o'er my head serene
The silver moon illumes the misty scene,
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies.
The drowsy god has sealed the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social fagot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised:
But locked in silence, o'er Orion's star
The slumbering night rolls on her velvet car;
The church-bell tolls, deep sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour, for walking spectres made;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when disturbed by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep-mouthed mastiff bays the troubled night,
Or, where the village alehouse crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,

Where the mossed seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, O yet it is the very same!
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name;
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The robin unmolested builds its nest.

* * * * *

Now passed whate'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way;
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustomed seat.
And O how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood,
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!
What rural objects steal upon the sight!
What rising views prolong the calm delight!
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
And frequent interspersed the woodman's pile.
Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.

Henry Kirke White.

END OF VOL. II.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09939 181 3